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SHELL MOUNDS.

(STONE AGE—DENMARK.)

For a long time certain piles of shells found on the sea-coast of Northern Europe, or, as they are called in Denmark, *Kjæckken möddings* (refuse heaps), were thought to be raised beaches, and for years escaped the observation of archæologists. Professor Steenstrup, however, remarked that, instead of containing a mixture of quite a number of different species, as would have been the case had they been really raised beaches, these hillocks, on the contrary, only embraced shells of full-grown individuals of an edible nature, such as oysters, cockles, mussels, and periwinkles.

These heaps vary in height from three to ten feet, some measuring 1000 feet in length and 200 in width. Mingled with the shells they contained were discovered flint knives, hatchets, and other instruments made of stone, horn, wood, or bone. The stone implements were polished, and indicated an age posterior to the ruder periods of the gravel pits.

These mounds were usually in the neighborhood of the sea; some, however, were at a distance from the water, having become so, apparently, by the agency of some stream, the deposits of which had caused the land to advance on the sea.

The Danish archæologists concluded that these shell mounds were very ancient, on account of the shells being much larger than those of similar species now found on the Danish shores. It was supposed that the waters of the Baltic received, through the peninsula of Jutland, a great supply of the salt-water of the ocean. In our day this sea receives its tribute from rivers, and the fresh-water has altered the condition of the edible shells, until they are now of diminutive size.

Besides stone implements, fragments of rude pottery, with cinders and charcoal, also occurred in these mounds, but nowhere implements of bronze or iron. There were also bones of animals of species which inhabited Northern Europe within historic times. No remains of the extinct mammalia appeared, except those of the urus, or wild bull, from which, according to some naturalists, the modern cattle are descended. But as the urus is spoken of by Cæsar in his Commentaries, is alluded to in the *Nibelungen Lied*, and is believed to have existed in Germany down to the sixteenth century, it can not properly be placed among the extinct mammalia of the preceding periods, which had died away before any historical record. The bones of the urus were mingled with those of the red deer and the roe. There were also bones of carnivora, such as the lynx, fox, and wolf, but no signs of domesticated animals, except the dog. Bones of birds also occurred; those of the great auk, now extinct in Europe, and those of the *capercailzie*, which is believed to have fed upon the buds of the Scotch fir—a circumstance which gives great antiquity to the shell mounds, as this tree is not to be found in Denmark except in peat at a great depth. The fir-tree was succeeded by the oak, which, in time, was replaced by the beech. It undoubtedly required a long series of centuries for both these species to predominate, since the Scotch firs have not been natives of Danish soil within the memory of man, while it is known that the law of alternance, which rules the trees of the forests, requires many centuries to accomplish its course. There is a kind of war among plants, as well as among animals; the oaks and beeches fight the firs and pines, the conquerors taking possession of the soil of the conquered. But these wars are not decided in a single battle; the plants struggle through many generations, and pursue calmly but surely their secular invasions.

It is supposed that the men of the shell mound age had no knowledge of agriculture, as no vestiges of grain have been found. They lived on the products of the chase and of fishing. They had boats hollowed out of a single tree, in which they went far out upon the briny deep in search of sustenance, bony remains of deep-sea species, such as the herring, cod, and flounder, being found in the refuse heaps.

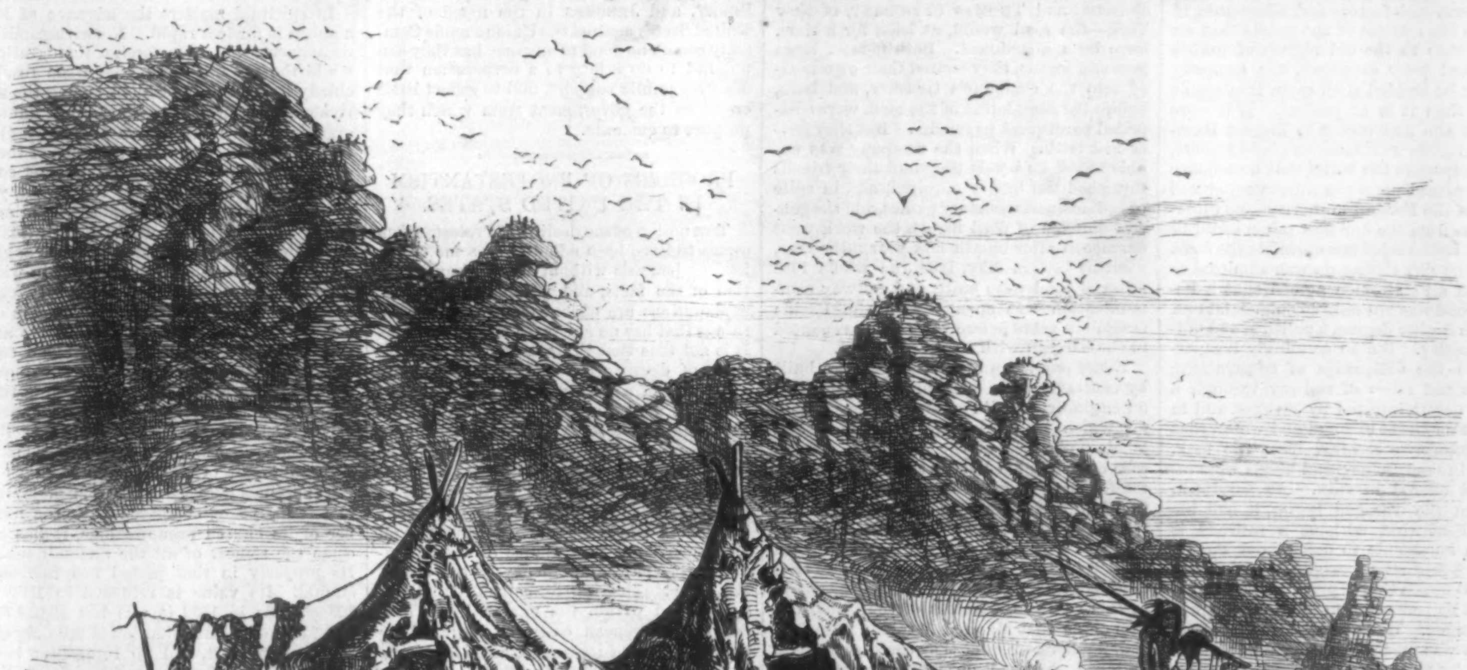
Human skulls were also discovered in these mounds; they were small and round in shape, with a prominent ridge over the orbit of the eye, showing that this ancient race was of small stature, with round heads and overhanging eyebrows; in short, they bore a strong resemblance to the modern Laplanders. We conclude, with our artist, that their habitations were tents covered with the skins of the animals they had killed. Their mode of life obliged them to change their quarters rather often, but they returned to their old haunts when they expected to find abundant food. This way of living is still exemplified by the poorer population of Terra del Fuego.

Shell mounds are not restricted to the shores of Denmark. They have also been found in Scotland, England, France, Australia, the Malay Peninsula, and North and South America.

The fishermen represented in the engraving are placed on Danish shores; they have pitched their tents for a time or a season, according to the abundance of fish or game, with a view of going farther on when the scarcity of food will oblige them to migrate to more productive fields.

CARRYING THERMOMETERS.

It often happens in the transportation of thermometers, especially if the boxes are jarred, that a portion of the mercurial column separates and moves toward the end of the tube. This may generally be reunited with that in the bulb by allowing the thermometer to drop from two to three inches in a vertical position upon a card held in the left hand; or by holding the thermometer in the right hand, and striking the arm (*not* the thermometer) against the palm of the left hand; or, finally, by whirling the thermometer with care, and not too rapidly, by a cord attached to the end. In many cases, however, the detached column of mercury may be very small, perhaps a degree, or even only half a degree, so that the error it occasions may be referred to inaccuracy in fixing the zero point, and in such cases its weight is not sufficient to enable it to overcome the adhesion to the glass. The following method will also meet such cases: Incline the thermometer, with the bulb highest, at an angle of 20° to 40°, and strike the bulb end gently with a flat piece of wood in the direction of the tube. Some of the mercury will pass out, fill the whole tube, and unite with the detached portion. Then slowly and carefully change the inclination of the thermometer until the bulb is so much depressed that the mercury barely begins to move toward it, and, as a rule, the whole united column of mercury will flow toward the bulb. A bubble of air will generally be present at the point where the separation previously took place, but if the inclination be carefully changed, as above directed, and jarring entirely avoided, it will remain upon the glass, and the previously detached column will readily pass it.



SHELL MOUNDS OF DENMARK—BELONGING TO THE STONE AGE.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1873.

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THE CASE OF THE UNION PACIFIC.

IT can not be possible that the President is aware of the proceedings that are being carried on in the name of the United States against the Union Pacific Railroad Company. For it is not putting the case too strongly to say that a powerful and determined effort is being made by lawyers at the present moment to break down the credit of one of our most useful and indispensable railroads, without the least prospect of advantage to the government or any one else. If the Union Pacific Railroad were a public nuisance, if its construction had been a crime instead of a vast national benefit, if its builders had been malefactors and miscreants, if it were to the interest of the people that we should return to the old régime of prairie wagons and pony expresses, the company could not be treated with more implacable hostility than it is at present. If it were the great aim and object to disgust European capitalists with American investments, and to propagate the belief that no reliance could be placed upon the solemn reiterated pledges of the Federal authorities, no different course from the one now taken could be adopted. Let us briefly recapitulate the facts.

From the day California was admitted to the Union all statesmen agreed that a Pacific railroad was not only a commercial but, in a much higher degree, a political and military necessity. But so seemingly insuperable were the difficulties of constructing two thousand miles of railway through a trackless desert, infested by savages, and in large part destitute of wood and water, that private enterprise recoiled from the task. Bounties in land, money, and bonds were offered, and offered in vain. At length, in 1862, when the war had begun, it had become evident that without a railroad it would be impossible to defend our Pacific possessions against a foreign foe, and it was clear to all minds that if private individuals could not be persuaded to build it, the government must. Under these circumstances a bargain was made with certain enterprising men, by which the construction of the line was secured. To insure them as far as possible from ruinous loss, Congress agreed to give them $27,237,000 in bonds of the United States, bearing six per cent. currency interest, and alternate sections of land through the desert the road was to traverse. That the intention of Congress was to give the bonds as a subsidy is evident from the language of the act, which is as follows:

> "And be it further enacted that the grants aforesaid [the bonds and lands] are made upon condition that said company shall pay said bonds at maturity, and shall keep said railroad and telegraph line in repair and use, and shall at all times transmit dispatches over said telegraph line, and transport mails, troops, and munitions of war, supplies, and public stores upon said railroad for the government whenever required to do so by any department thereof, and that the government shall at all times have a preference in the use of the same for all the purposes aforesaid at fair and reasonable rates of compensation, not to exceed the amounts paid by private parties for the same kind of service; and all compensation for services rendered for the government shall be applied to the payment of said bonds and interest until the whole amount is fully paid."

The evident intention and expectation of Congress were that the government transportation would eventually extinguish the bonds and interest. It may be mentioned here that in 1864 this provision of the act of 1862 was amended, and "only one-half the compensation for services rendered the government by the company" was "required to be applied to the payment of the bonds issued by the government." Notwithstanding this clear provision of law, Mr. Secretary BOUTWELL, in 1871, assumed the right of withholding from the Union Pacific the whole instead of half the government transportation; whereupon in March, 1871, Congress passed a further declaratory act, by which the Secretary of the Treasury was "directed to pay over in money to the Pacific Railroad Companies one-half of the compensation at the rate provided by law." The company may fairly have presumed that this settled the matter. But last spring, in the heat of the Crédit Mobilier discussion, Congress again reversed its policy, and directed the secretary to retain the whole compensation, which is now done.

In return for the United States bonds and lands the Union Pacific Railroad Company agreed to construct a first-class railway and telegraph line from the Missouri River to the eastern terminus of the Central Pacific, to have them finished by 1st July, 1874, and to run the line regularly thereafter. It was well understood that in consequence of the want of local traffic the road could probably not be run except at a loss. By the act of 1864 the time for completing the road was extended to 1st July, 1875.

On the faith of the bargain thus solemnly concluded between the United States and the company the latter began work. It was an undertaking of such magnitude and difficulty that its projectors were generally regarded as wild enthusiasts who were ruining themselves for a national conceit. Each working party had to be protected by an armed escort, to guard them against Indian attacks, and their supplies of all kinds, including food and water, had to be carried from the Missouri. The country they were traversing did not furnish a pound of bread or a single railway tie. And hardly had the work been fairly begun than peace was declared, and a financial crisis began which rendered it extremely difficult, if not impossible, to negotiate railway bonds. Mr. M'CULLOUGH began to contract the currency, and new railway companies found themselves unable to raise a dollar. It is not too much to say that but for the indomitable energy of two men—OAKES AMES, of Massachusetts, and THOMAS C. DURANT, of New York—the road would, at least for a time, have been abandoned. Both men of large personal means, they poured their own money into the company's treasury, and both, before the completion of the road, were compelled to suspend payments. But they never lost faith. When the company was unable to sell its bonds they and their friends furnished the money required, and in spite of Indians, and monetary panics, and the general derision of Wall Street, the work went on, month after month and year after year, until at last, in May, 1869, the whole 1038 miles of road were built, and railway communication was opened with the Pacific Ocean six years before the time covenanted in the bargain with the government.

Every one knows that railways are built by contract. The company contracts with an engineer to build so many miles of road, for which he receives pay in money and bonds and stock of the company. In the case of the Union Pacific the directors contracted with themselves under the name of the Crédit Mobilier. It is, of course, a suspicious circumstance for a man acting as trustee for others to make bargains with himself individually. He must be sure that such bargains are fair to the *cestuy que trust*. In this case the directors of the Union Pacific claim that all their bargains were fair, and, furthermore, that they could get no one to build the road on better terms. The road was no sooner completed, however, than people began to cry out against the enormous profits which its builders were said to have made. The very people who had derided DURANT and AMES as wild enthusiasts, and had chuckled over their failure as an event which *they* had foreseen long ago, now accused them of having robbed the government and the company. Officers of the United States, forgetting that by the opening of the road six years before the time set, the government would save in transportation more than the whole amount of the bonds issued to the company, forgetting that only a few years before, when JOHNSTON lay before Salt Lake City, the United States had 25,000 oxen on the Plains, and was paying $24 for the transportation of a barrel of flour to his army, denounced the Union Pacific as a fraud. It was impossible to recall the bonds and lands granted. But the government did what it could. It refused to allow the bonds to be used as a banking basis. And it refused, on frivolous pretexts, to issue the patents for a large number of acres granted to the company. Worse was to come.

In the canvass of 1872 it transpired that several leading members of both political parties had been interested in the Crédit Mobilier. The scandal was aggravated by uncandid denials of the fact. An investigation followed, in which reputations dear to the country were wrecked. Congress worked itself into a fury over the matter, and both parties finding themselves involved in the disgrace, fell foul of the company. The Attorney-General was directed to bring suit against the Union Pacific, and that suit has now been brought.

It is not worth while to wade through the long bill in equity filed by Messrs. PERRY, JENCKES, and ASHTON on behalf of the government. The charges against the Union Pacific Company are simply childish—that it is bankrupt; that it ought not to have issued bonds (perhaps the attorneys will show how it could have obtained money without doing so); that it ought to have got par for its stock; that it should have built the road with the proceeds of the government bonds alone; that it is in debt to its officers; that the stock has no value, etc., etc. Naturally enough, the Union Pacific directors do not propose to appear in court to contest idle nonsense of this kind. But the government counsel have succeeded in obtaining injunctions against the payment of interest on bonds held by stockholders in the Crédit Mobilier, and against the transfer of stock in the names of such stockholders. This inflicts serious injury upon the credit of the company and upon innocent holders of stock. If the government can prove that the Crédit Mobilier people, who were likewise the directors of the Union Pacific, got more for building the road than they should have done, no one will object to seeing them forced to disgorge, though it is not clear at first sight how the United States can be a party to a suit for the purpose. But this result will not be attained or approached by breaking down the credit of the railroad company. It will not be helped by the issue of the injunction asked for against the issue of the new bonds with which the income bonds are to be redeemed next year. If the company be, as Messrs. ASHTON and Co. say, in dreadful straits, surely it would be better to help it rather than add to its embarrassments. If it was robbed by its builders, that is no reason the lawyers should rob it now.

The proceedings taken by Messrs. ASHTON, PERRY, and JENCKES in the name of the United States against the Union Pacific Company can do no good to any one, but they can not fail to do injury to a corporation that deserves public support, and to reflect little credit on the government from which they purport to emanate.

PROGRESS OF PROTESTANTISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE notion of the decline of Protestantism seems to have been adopted by some of our leading journals without a careful examination of the facts, and various remedies or explanations are offered for a condition of things that has no existence except in fancy. It is not true that Protestantism shows any signs of decadence. On the contrary, the principles of a pure religion were never so active as at the present moment, nor were the chief Protestant denominations ever more rapidly extending their influence over the great body of the people. No doubt among the wealthier and what are called the fashionable circles of Europe and America, among minds enervated by luxury and weakened by a long course of sensual indulgence, there is a tendency, as there must always be, to sink into formalism. Intellects constrained within the narrow limits of a decaying European caste, or degraded by the puerilities of its transatlantic imitators, may fall an easy prey to idle superstition, may abandon a pure faith for the lenient requirements of a lower grade of civilization. But except in this class the course of Protestantism is still onward. Some wealthy churches may have become temples of mammon. In the fierce struggle for money, in the lavish expenditure of the time, men eminent for a Christian reputation may often startle the community by a sudden revelation of their utter corruption. Protestantism never boasted its infallibility. Its chief supporters will sometimes prove unworthy of the name they bear. But this proves nothing. The true question is, What are the Protestant bodies doing for the people? How far are they overmastering the principle of evil by the agencies of education, of preaching, and of all the devices of humanitarian progress? By their fruits they are content to be known.

And here we are able to affirm that within the past ten years nearly all the Protestant bodies have shown an extraordinary increase. If we take as an example the Lutheran Church, which owes much of its progress to immigration, we find that in 1850 it numbered 1231 churches; in 1860, 2128; in 1870, 3032 church organizations. In other words, in twenty years the churches of this single Protestant denomination have nearly trebled. The number of its sittings is 977,332, indicating a church connection of nearly a million of worshipers, if not one still more extensive. The Protestant Episcopal denomination is little less progressive. In 1850 it had 1459; in 1860, 2145; and in 1870, 2601 church edifices or organizations. And as it is probable that the earlier returns were somewhat exaggerated compared with the more careful inquiries of the present census, the rate of its increase is probably more rapid than the record seems to show. Of the great Baptist body, which is noted for its energy and its adaptability to all classes of the people, we have a still more remarkable account. In 1850 its churches numbered 9376; in 1860, 11,221; in 1870 its organizations were, according to the returns of the census, 14,474; according to its own records, over 17,000. Thus five thousand Baptist churches, by their own account, have sprung up within the past ten years, or at the rate of nearly one and one-half a day. Five hundred Baptist congregations are formed every year. The Methodists are equally progressive, and even more numerous. They had in 1850 13,302 churches; in 1860, 19,883; and in 1870 their organizations are given at the extraordinary number of 25,278. They too, therefore, during the past ten years must have created churches or church organizations at the rate of nearly two a day.

The idea, therefore, of any decay or even check in the progress of Protestantism among us must be at once dismissed. It advances with renewed vigor. It plants yearly fifteen hundred churches. It penetrates deep into the heart of the people. It flourishes in the new Territories of the West and in the throngs of the Eastern cities; and when we remember that each one of its church organizations is usually followed by a Sunday-school, a Bible class, societies for helping the sick and poor, charitable and helpful unions of various kinds, we may easily see that Protestantism is an enormous stimulant to the practice of humanity, and to intellectual and physical improvement. Moving chiefly among the working classes, it sustains the purity of the nation. Whatever be the defects of some or even of all its members, the tendency of Protestantism is upward.

In spiritual matters the advance of Romanism is far less rapid. Notwithstanding its immense aid from foreign immigration, while the growth of Protestantism results chiefly from new conversions among the native population, the Roman Catholic church organizations numbered, in 1870, only 4127 to 2550 in 1860. It is true, each one of these churches attracts probably a far larger congregation than most of the Protestant, yet if we withdraw from Romanism the stimulus of immigration, it would plainly make but slow progress compared to its evangelical rivals. Its whole strength lies in what it borrows from European sources; it weakens its numbers in foreign countries in order to build up its denomination here; and should the immigration from Ireland continue with unabated vigor, it is not impossible that the Protestant population of that island may within twenty years approach very closely to the Roman Catholic. But the most remarkable, and perhaps most alarming, trait of Romanism among us is the enormous increase of its wealth. Within twenty years, compared with the number of its church organizations, it has become the richest of all the denominations. Its property in that period has increased sixfold. Its value is returned in 1870 at $60,985,566; in 1850 it was but $9,256,758. The Methodist denomination is the only one that surpasses it, and no Protestant body can pretend to rival its wonderful capacity for accumulation. When we reflect that this vast property is held by the Roman bishops, under the supervision of their European head, and that within the next ten years, if it preserve the same rate of increase, it will be nearly trebled, we must look with natural distrust upon the concentration of so vast a power in a single body caste.

And here we encounter that dangerous trait in modern Romanism which has already excited the alarm of all sincere lovers of freedom. It is growing not as a spiritual body, to which there could be no objection, but as a political faction. Its power lies in its unity, its wealth, and its strict obedience to a foreign dictator. Protestantism as such has no political strength nor aim. It is divided and powerless. Romanism has long united the great mass of its adherents in a struggle for secular power. The Roman Catholic vote of the city of New York, for example, was given solidly for TWEED and SWEENY because they acted as its instruments. They helped it to large sums of money from the public funds; they aided it in building up a throng of Roman Catholic schools. Tammany Hall has long been a Catholic Club. The chief political aim of Romanism at present is to destroy the American system of education; what its further aims may be it is not difficult to conceive; and that the majority of the people will be forced for their own preservation to meet it as a political party, irrespective of all theological grounds of controversy, is a necessary consequence of its own imprudence.

In a future article we propose to review the condition of Protestantism in Europe.

THE FARMERS AND THE RAILWAYS.

The excitement among the Western farmers is increasing. Shut out from a cheap and free communication with the rest of the country by the intolerable monopoly that controls the avenues of trade, forced to linger in comparative poverty while all other material interests are flourishing, deprived of the fruits of their labors by the want of an accessible market, they have joined in an effort to redress their wrongs. And it is plain that so useful and deserving a portion of the community will not appeal to the rest of their fellow-citizens in vain. There is no one who is disinterested that is not anxious to spread ease and contentment through all that intelligent and active population which has pressed onward into the upper valley of the Mississippi, and whose honorable toil gives plenty and prosperity to the crowded cities of the East. The single aim of the farmers is to secure an adequate means of transportation for their productions. They offer the first necessaries of life to all the people; they ask for a cheap access to the Eastern markets. Thus far they have contented themselves with an effort to reduce the fares and freights on existing railways, and have succeeded to a limited extent in securing some change in railway tariffs. But it is still doubtful whether the railway managers will not be able to render these changes altogether useless. The railways hold the chief lines of traffic. Within five years their trade has more than doubled. The three great lines are overburdened with the amount of business offering. They already carry the larger share of the food of the nation; and no legislative action can enable the New York Central, the Erie, or the Pennsylvania roads to supply the wants of the West, or prevent them from extorting from the farmer a tariff sufficient to consume his profits and leave him in perpetual indigence.

The Congressional committee who were appointed to examine into this important matter have, we believe, given it a careful attention, and their report will no doubt contain much useful information as well as some suggestions as to the best method of satisfying the wants of the farmers. But the real difficulty is apparent to every one. The three railways are unable or unwilling to carry freight cheaply; it is certain that they seize upon their opportunity to extort large sums from the community. When the canals and rivers are open, they lower their rates nearly one-half. But no sooner does the frost of winter stop the travel on the water-courses than the railways advance their prices, and force the people to pay for the support of a plain monopoly. In summer the cost of carrying a bushel of grain from Chicago to New York is about twenty-five cents; in winter, forty-two cents. The fact is undisputed; the deduction clear. When they have no rival the monopolies put their own prices on traffic, and when they fear competition they consult the interests of the public. But it is plain that no improvement or enlargement of the canals can prevent the railways from ruling the cost of transportation for nearly half the year, and from placing what restraints they please upon the course of trade.

Private competition has evidently failed to give relief to the farmer or to the consumer of food. The railways combine whenever the canals cease to interfere, and it follows, therefore, that the only way of escaping from the monopoly is either to provide a new means of communication or to lower the tariffs of existing railways by legislative interference. But even could this last means be applied, it does not seem that the existing lines are capable of supplying the wants of the business community. They have already more freight than they can carry, and with the rapid growth of the Northwest their inability must every day become more apparent. We are told by the *Railway Journal* that the lines of railways have grown too rapidly for the wants of the people, that many have long been incapable of paying dividends; but this statement is evidently wholly untrue as to the great trunk lines between the East and the West. Here the wants of the community have plainly far outgrown the means of travel, and should the Congressional committee recommend the building of a new freight line from New York to Minnesota, it will do more to satisfy the wishes of farmers' granges than in any other way. Legislation has failed to give them what they need. The great railways laugh at the outcries of the people. No competition can help them. It is the national government alone that has sufficient strength to save the community from the forestallers by opening a new avenue of trade that can never be closed by Vanderbilt or purchased by Gould. Its completion would be immediately followed by a fall in the prices of food, coal, and other necessaries of life.

OUR EDUCATORS.

The President and his majority in the Board of Education have rested for a long vacation from their labors. They have succeeded thus far chiefly in retaining the unpopular clerk who was the legacy of Tweed and Sweeny, and who has probably done more than any other man to embarrass and injure the cause of public instruction among us. By his agency, when a member of the Legislature at Albany in 1869, the enemies of the public schools were enabled to expel from the educational department every one who could be trusted to oppose their aims. Tweed and Sweeny and the Roman priesthood would be satisfied with nothing less than the complete control of the department. Kiernan carried through the bill by which the whole elective board, of which President Neilson was then a member, was swept away. The choice of a Board of Education was intrusted to the ministerial care of Mayor Hall, and, it is stated, Mayor Hall in all educational matters yielded to the modest solicitations of Sweeny. Bernard Smyth, joining in his person several offices, took the presidency of the new department. Kiernan became his clerk. As might naturally be expected, Kiernan controlled the board, the scholars, and the teachers. Beside this, Kiernan and his patron, Sweeny, had procured the passage of another bill, by which the excise money was appropriated to the founding of a large number of Romish schools. They sprang up on all sides. They were built by the money of the city. They have flourished, while the public schools, under the care of Smyth and Kiernan, decayed. And as a last mark of tender regard, Mayor Hall committed to the care of Kiernan and another Roman Catholic the distribution of the last allotment of the excise fund to the Romish schools, in defiance of the enactments of the Legislature, and in the form of a pious subterfuge.

For three years Kiernan and his allies have managed the public schools. The recent report of the board, which Kiernan has been permitted by President Neilson to compose at his leisure, shows with what results. The buildings have been suffered to go to decay, and are often a shame to the city. The number of the scholars has decreased. The reputation of the department, under the control of its corrupt managers, has been fatally wounded. It is believed that a careful examination of its expenditures and its appointments during the past three years would reveal abuses at least as great as those that have prevailed in the other city departments. The especial aim of the new board should have been to commence a thorough reform. They should at once have removed Kiernan and all his allies. They should have banished all sectarianism and all politics from the domain of public instruction. Instead of this the President, to gratify the Romish faction, has insisted upon retaining the clerk appointed by Tweed and Sweeny. The only measures the majority have introduced are a project to lower the teachers' salaries, to degrade the position of the most honorable and cultivated class of our citizens, and to destroy the efficiency of the primary schools, the foundation of the whole system. Nor could Smyth and Kiernan or their priestly allies have devised measures better fitted to complete the ruin they had begun than those which President Neilson and his supporters were willing to carry through, and which were defeated chiefly by the vigorous opposition of the lamented Cushing and the active minority.

It is stated that during the rebellion President Neilson was known as a sympathizer with the Southern rebels. If this be so, he can scarcely be fitted to control an American system of education, he can scarcely be the friend of public instruction. However reputable in private life, in public he must prove an easy prey to the arts of the priesthood and to political temptation. But the condition of the public schools now demands the prompt interference of the people. Let them impress upon the majority of the board their determination to have the best means of educating their children. We believe the majority have been misled and deceived. They will hear the people. They are men of character and respectability. No one doubts that they have erred chiefly through inexperience. It may be that, instructed by their disastrous beginning, they will proceed the more actively in their future reforms, and win the confidence of the public by a fearless performance of their duty. But we are sure that the people are resolved to sweep away every obstacle in the way of popular education, and are no longer to be intimidated or deceived by its foes.

PERSONAL.

Dogs, like men, are not all courageous. With both the bark is often worse than the bite. That was the case with Kelley's dog, who from his kennel near the mansion of Caleb Cushing, in Washington, nightly sent forth his strident howl, to the measureless disgust of that statesman. He was of the pestering species

> "Who do delight
> To howl by night,
> 'Cause 'tis their nature to."

In Ross Browne's *Yusef* there is a frontispiece entitled "A General View of Constantinople." The view consists simply of a horde of dogs. It is a city of whelps. Not so at the Federal capital. Only this one cur, represented in the case of Cushing *v.* Kelley, has come formally to the front. A partly parallel case, however, may be found in Goldsmith's *Reports* (the Islington case, vol. i., p. 134), where the friendly relations that had long subsisted between master and cur were unpleasantly interrupted, and led to ultimate disaster. The facts were:

> "In that town a dog was found,
> As many dogs there be,
> Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
> And curs of low degree.
>
> "This dog and Caleb first were friends,
> But in a pique, you see,
> The dog, to gain his private ends,
> Went mad and howled at C.
>
> "Around from all the neighboring streets
> The wondering people ran,
> And swore the dog had lost his wits
> In howling at the man.
>
> "But soon a wonder came to light
> That showed they all were blind:
> Cushing recovered from his fright,
> And Kelley—he was fined."

—Mr. Wilkie Collins's first appearance in London as a reader was an entire success. He does not act to so great an extent as did Dickens, but the manner in which he represented an old soldier is said to have shown that he is fully equal to the delineation of character, and that he has the power to rivet the attention of an audience. The story he selected to read was the tale from his own pen entitled "A Terribly Strange Bed," which, originally inserted in Mr. Dickens's *Household Words*, subsequently appeared in the collection *After Dark*. It relates, as may be remembered, to an attempt made to murder the supposed narrator in a French gaming-house by means of a bed with a heavy canopy, and may remind some old-fashioned persons of an incident in Smollett's *Count Fathom*.

—"Grace Greenwood" has come out boldly in favor of slaughter. "The fact is," she says, "there are too many of us women. And there seems no relief for coming generations except through the heroic remedy of putting all female infants out of the way. Nothing could be so good for us except a long and glorious succession of Herods."

—When Mr. Richard Schell gets an idea that a particular thing of a benevolent or public character should be done, in which moneyed men should participate, he rises suddenly from the huge Shaker rocking-chair which occupies a considerable portion of his counting-room, puts on his Amidon, and mildly mentions to his clerk that he is "going out for a little while." Sometimes he is not seen till next day. In this way he some time ago emitted himself, and entering the counting-rooms of his friends observed, "I am going to have a monument erected in Central Park to William H. Seward. Just make out your check for one hundred dollars. You needn't send it in; I'll wait for it." In this way the necessary amount—$25,000—was obtained, and a few days since a meeting of the subscribers was held, at which Mr. Randolph Rogers submitted several designs and drawings. No model was selected, but it is understood that the committee are in favor of a model in a sitting posture. The statue will be modeled in Rome and cast in Munich, and will weigh, exclusive of the pedestal, about seven tons.

—Ex-Senator Tipton, of Nebraska, has gone into farming on a grand scale since he dropped out of Congress. Having set out 2000 apple-trees, and given warning to immature youths as to hatchets, and shade trees in abundance, he is now planting two and a half miles of hedge, fifty acres of wheat, twenty of oats, and fifteen of corn; and all this has the industrous Tipton done himself, with the assistance of one man.

—It is seldom that a legal firm is formed embracing so much ability as that just entered into at Chicago by ex-Senator Trumbull, for many years chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and one of the strongest men in the Senate, ex-Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin, and Judge Lawrence, late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois. As the Scotchman said, "It must be a verra clear case indeed they canna confuse."

—Thirty years ago, when General Nye, then a very young man, was judge in Madison County, he one day visited the county jail as an inspector, and found among the inmates a lad of thirteen confined on a charge of theft. Struck by his appearance, he privately investigated the matter, and became satisfied it was not a case for conviction. At the opening of court the lad and his surety were on hand, and the young judge appealed to the District Attorney to enter a *nol. pros.*, which that officer refused. "Well, then," said Judge Nye, "I will state the facts to the jury and take the responsibility." When the case was ready for the judge's charge, he did state the facts, and an instant acquittal followed. After adjournment he sent for the boy, and finding that he was bright but poor, he interested himself in obtaining for him a midshipman's appointment. By good conduct he rose rapidly in his profession, and during the war was one of the ablest of Farragut's captains.

—Ex-President Johnson has had the cholera, but with characteristic obstinacy, based on constitutional grounds, he declined to yield to its demands. After recovering he did all he could to administer to the wants of the many who were sick in his neighborhood. The old gentleman means to leave Greenville, and settle either in Knoxville, Nashville, or Washington city.

—No wonder that the Hon. Sampson Almy, of Providence, Rhode Island, is a strong man as well as a large manufacturer. He has gone to Saratoga again. For fifty-five years he has been a constant visitor at those health-giving waters, dating back to when there were only three houses in Saratoga.

—At the close of the last year the amount in trust of Mr. Peabody's great bequest for the benefit of the poor of London amounted to $1,114,000, and another sum of $500,000 is to be added to the principal during the present year. The number of families occupying apartments under his bequest is 847, and the number of persons benefited by it 3407. It was stated at the recent meeting of the trustees of the Peabody Educational Fund, held in this city, that the income of the fund to be expended in the Southern States for educational purposes during the present year would be about $130,000. Last year $130,000 had been expended by them for free common schools in the South, thus making nearly $1,000,000 with the amount contributed in connection therewith by the people themselves.

—Dumas, the elder, was a bright man, but often met his match. He was proud of the large sum paid him for his writings. One evening in the salon of a rich financier the conversation turned on the remuneration of men of letters. "I," said Dumas, "am certainly the best paid. I receive thirty sous a line." "Indeed, monsieur," said a by-stander, "I have never worked for less than a million a line: what do you think of that?" "You are joking." "Not at all." "What are you, then?" "Constructor of railways."

—Daniel Webster was a superior person, and, as a boy, smart. But he has a successor in his native New Hampshire who, if he live long enough, will, like Dan'l, find "room enough for himself on the top rung of the ladder." This youth, residing at Dover, refused to take a pill. His crafty mother thereupon secretly placed the pill in a preserved pear and gave it to him. Presently she asked, "Tom, have you eaten the pear?" Thomas, not first class as prevaricator, nobly replied, "Yes, mother, all but the seed."

—In a recent English book we find the following interesting "personal" of John Singleton Copley, born in Boston, that occurred soon after he left college at Cambridge, England, and before he had dreamed of becoming Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst. On graduating he was awarded "The Traveling Bachelor's" grant, which enabled him to revisit the United States. On arriving here he formed the acquaintance of a French gentleman of his own age. They became intimate, and were companions in many of their journeys through the States. At length they parted with regret and with strong feelings of friendship. Copley returned to England, and thirty-two years later was made Lord Chancellor. Some time after, visiting Paris, he went to the Tuileries to be presented. The moment, however, he entered the throne-room, and before his name was announced, the king, Louis Philippe, stepped forward and exclaimed, "Good God, is it you, Copley?" and with French *empressement* embraced Lord Lyndhurst. His majesty was the French companion who, under the adopted name he used in exile, had accompanied Copley on his American travels.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A large fire occurred in Baltimore, Maryland, July 23. One hundred buildings and a large amount of property were destroyed. The total loss is estimated at one million dollars.

A powder-mill near Tamaqua, Pennsylvania, exploded July 21, killing one man, and shaking the country for miles around.

Bush-whackers attacked a train on the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railway July 21, when about forty miles west of Des Moines, throwing it from the track, killing the engineer, firing at the passengers, and robbing the express.

Patrolman Patrick H. Byrnes, of the Eighth Precinct Police of this city, has been presented with a check for $1000 from the Riot Relief Fund for gallant conduct in arresting two ruffians after they had almost killed him.

The steamer *Tigress*, of the Arctic Search Expedition, has reached St. Johns, Newfoundland, in safety.

The sidewalk booths around Washington Market have been removed by the sanitary authorities on the ground that they imperiled the public health.

FOREIGN NEWS.

In Spain the Carlists have "looted" and destroyed the town of Igualada. An unsuccessful attempt was made on the life of Marshal Serrano at Biarritz, July 21. It is reported that the Iberian regiment sent to Cartagena to quell the outbreak went over to the Carlists. The fortifications of the city and the war vessels in the harbor were surrendered to the revolutionists. Four of the vessels are said to be the finest in the Spanish navy. The Cortes has approved a bill providing for the imposition of extraordinary war taxes. Persons who are known to be in sympathy with the Carlists are to be taxed heavier than the loyal population. It is rumored that the minority in the Cortes will leave Madrid, and set up a new government at Cartagena. Two hundred and fifty gens-d'armes in Barcelona have joined the Carlists. The insurgents, to the number of 6000, are said to be marching on Madrid. The president of the Committee of Public Safety has fled from the city.

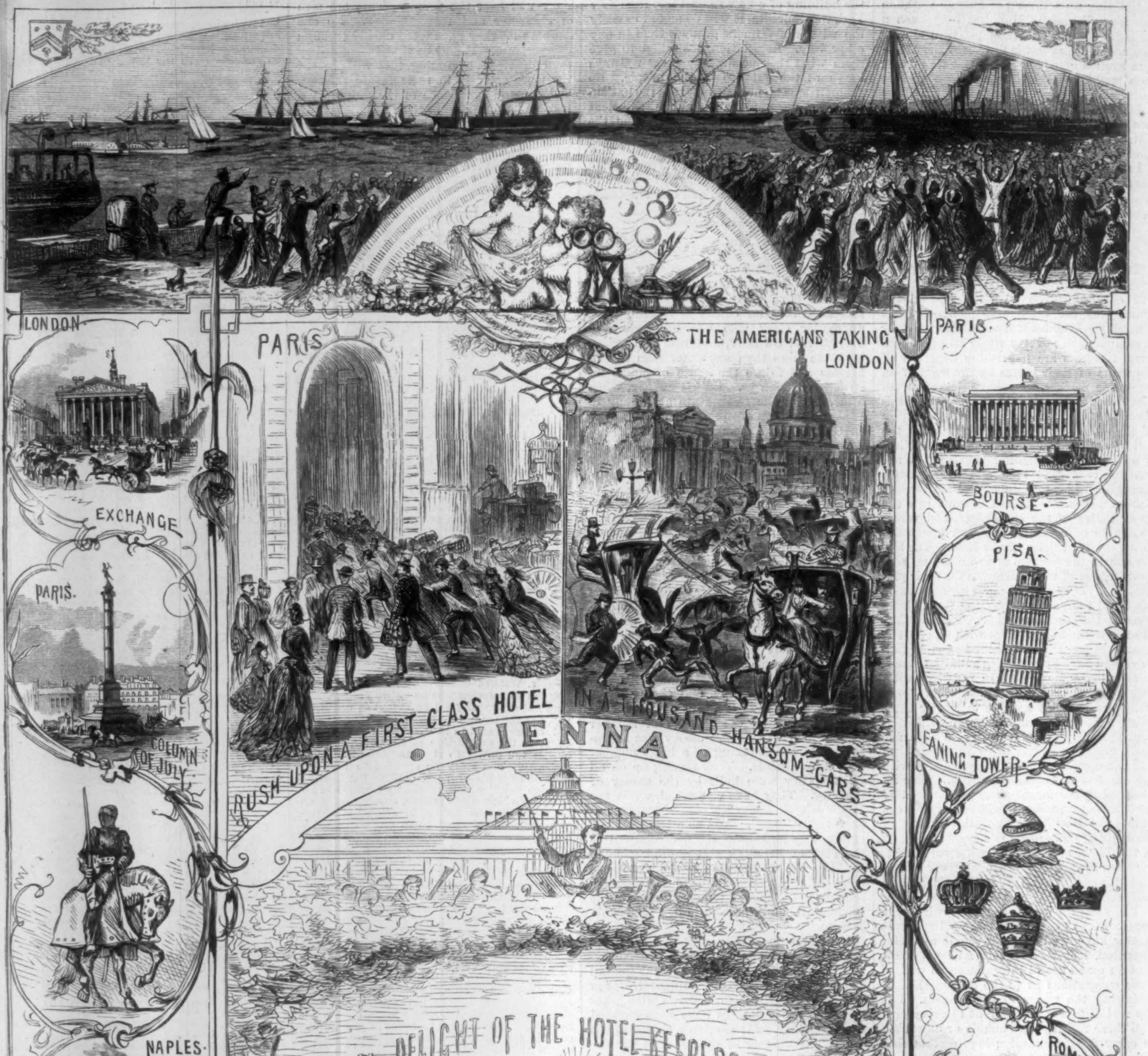
Jules Favre attacked the foreign policy of the French government in the National Assembly July 21, and demanded also to know why it accorded impunity to the insulters of ex-President Thiers. The German troops have evacuated Mézières and Charleville in the department of Ardennes.

Russia has concluded a treaty with Khiva. The Khan promises to pay 2,000,000 rubles to Russia and to abolish capital punishment, in return for which Russia guarantees the independence of Khiva. Russian troops will occupy Khiva until the indemnity is paid. An expedition will now be undertaken against the Turcoman tribes.

The Pope is said to have forbidden the cardinals to receive the curé of Santa Cruz on his arrival at Rome.

The Mexican insurgent Lozada has been captured and his band put to flight by General Ceballos.

Another revolution has broken out in San Domingo.


LONDON
EXCHANGE
PARIS.
COLUMN OF JULY
NAPLES.
VESUVIUS.
ANTWERP CATHEDRAL
GIBRALTAR.
SPAIN.
PARIS
RUSH UPON A FIRST CLASS HOTEL
THE AMERICANS TAKING LONDON
IN A THOUSAND HANSOM CABS
VIENNA
DELIGHT OF THE HOTEL KEEPERS
THE AMERICAN PURSE
BILLS
THE DINING ROOM
FIGHT FOR A SMALL BED
PARIS.
BOURSE.
PISA.
LEANING TOWER.
ROME.
ST PETERS.
SWITZERLAND
TELL'S CHAPEL
BRITANNIA BRIDGE

SUMMER INVASION OF EUROPE BY AMERICANS.—DRAWN BY ARTHUR LUMLEY.—[SEE PAGE 694.]

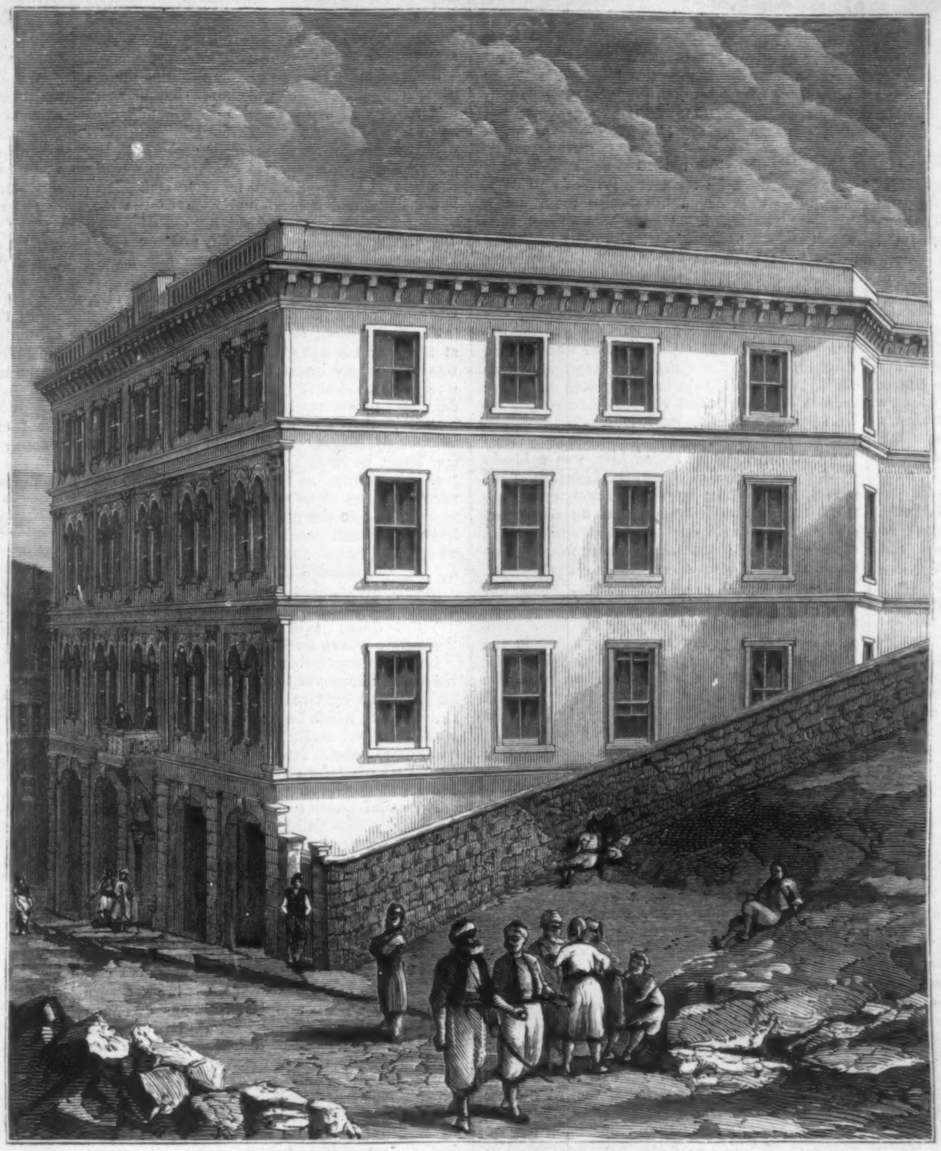
NEW BIBLE-HOUSE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

As the building of a Bible and Mission House in Constantinople marks an era in the progress of Christianity and civilization in the Orient, we give on this page an engraving of the structure. It was built by the liberality of private individuals.

Its site commands a full view of the magnificent harbor, the Golden Horn, and a portion of the Bosphorus. To a traveler entering the city its neat, plain, substantial walls present a strange contrast to the irregular and fantastic architecture which surrounds it. The site is also well chosen with reference to business purposes, and is, at the same time, safe in a great degree from danger of fire—a very important consideration in such a city as Constantinople. Indeed, in every respect, a more advantageous site could hardly be found in the entire city. Historically, too, it is interesting, being supposed by the best authorities to be that of an old Greek monastery.

The building is eighty feet in length by seventy-one feet in depth, and four stories high. The material is stone. The floors are supported by iron girders, and iron doors and shutters render the building as nearly fire-proof as possible. The front is of straw-colored sandstone, with cornices and window trimmings of gray marble from Trieste. The central doorway, supported by columns of black marble, is a marked feature of the building. The entire cost was $66,920 34, in gold, of which $17,820 58 were paid for the site.

Strangely enough, the idea of this building was suggested to the Rev. Mr. **Bliss**, agent of the American Bible Society in Constantinople, by a conversation between some natives, casually overheard. They were talking about the Protestant missionaries. "They are very good people," said one, "but they do not know how to do business. They have no permanent place. One year they are here, and another there. The Catholics evidently intend to stay. They are putting up substantial buildings for schools and churches. These Protestants do not seem to intend to stay permanently." Up to this time the society had no permanent location for its offices, but kept moving about from place to place. Impressed with what he had overheard, Mr. **Bliss** set himself to the work of raising money to begin operations. This was in 1866. In the following year, $50,000 having been raised, preparations for building were commenced. An eligible site soon offered, but it was not till January, 1869, that the contract was signed, while the permit to build was not obtained till September, 1870, and the building not completed till June, 1872. Meanwhile, by additional contributions, and interest on the $50,000, that sum was raised to over $60,000, so that the delay was not fruitless. The history of these years would be interesting and instructive, had we time or space to relate it. The opposition of a Turkish pasha, who wished the site for himself, and afterward of certain officers of the government, when they learned what the new building was to be, the law's delay, the devices resorted to to hamper the work, would give no small insight into Turkish politics. On the other hand, the account of the vexations and delays connected with clearing the ground, laying the foundations, and putting up the building would form a curious commentary on Eastern usages. At last the work was completed, and on June 9, 1872, the building was dedicated to the work of the Bible in the Levant.

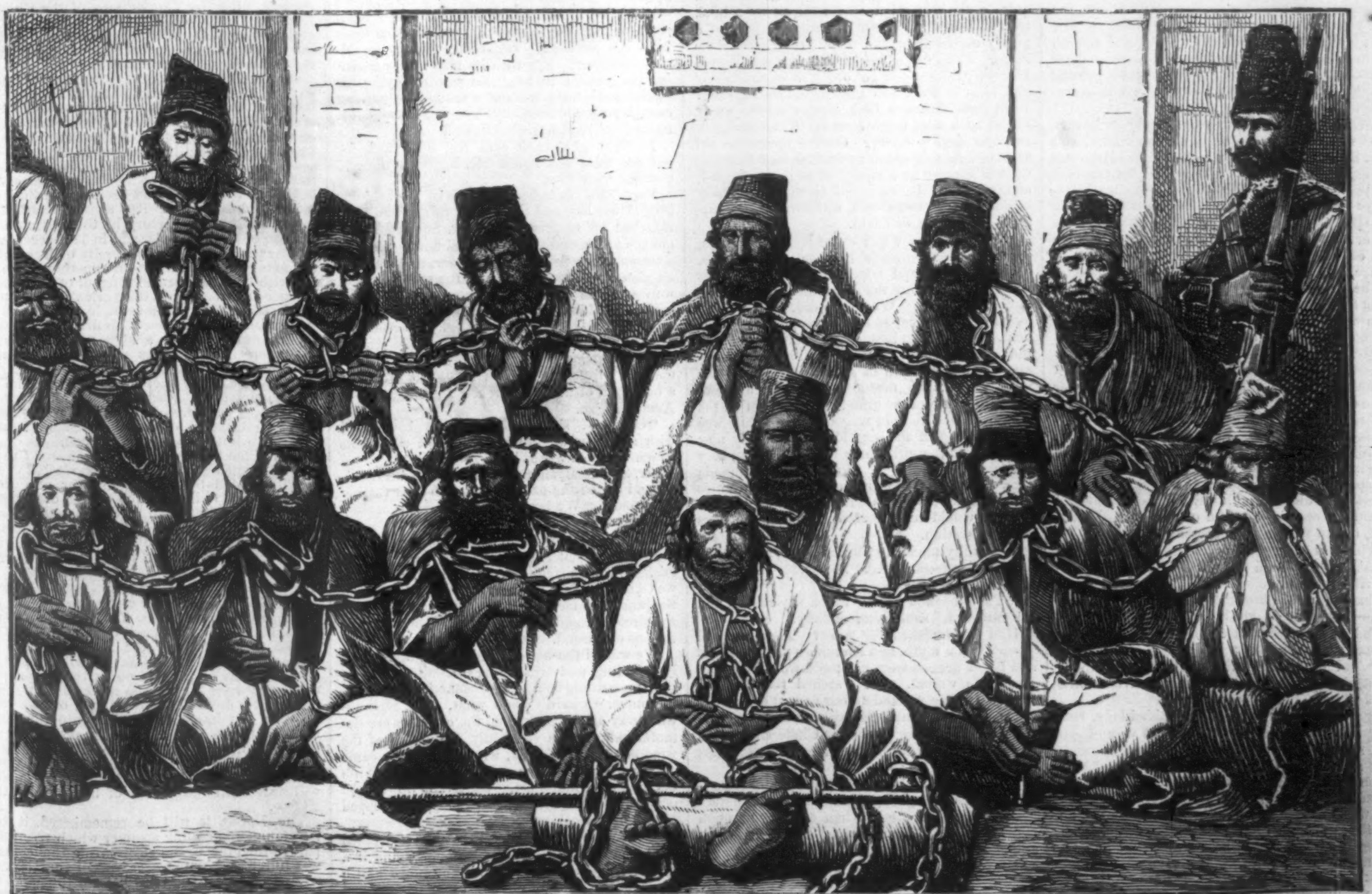


THE NEW BIBLE-HOUSE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

PERSIAN HIGHWAY ROBBERS.

"**We** shall be on the spot by telegraph, and the punishment will be severe," was the Shah's parting admonition to his subjects when starting on his European tour. Little care, however, his unruly subjects for his presence by telegraph, and the state of the country has recently become more and more unsafe from the frequent robberies and daring attacks on caravans—so numerous, states a correspondent of the *Times of India*, that they are not worth while reporting. The lower illustration on this page, representing a group of these highwaymen in durance vile at Shiraz, is engraved from a photograph from life by the Hon. **Evelyn H. Ellis**, who has been traveling for some months past in Persia. Twelve of the prisoners curiously enough formed part of a gang which had attacked his party while on its way from Bushire to Shiraz. Concerning the present pleasures of Persian travel, Mr. **Ellis** writes: "Although five regiments have been sent to Shiraz to secure the tranquillity of Fars, no caravan reaches its destination without being either attacked or plundered. Posting has become impossible for the solitary traveler, while the unhappy villagers, unless in considerable numbers, are waylaid and ill treated merely for the sake of their clothes by the Eelyots, or wandering tribes. These ruffians, now quite unchecked, in large organized bands attack villages and even small towns, stripping them of every thing. Indeed, it is expected that Shiraz itself will be very insecure. Europeans, who formerly traveled about this country in perfect safety, are now robbed and ill treated in the most barbarous manner, and in some instances travelers have been brutally murdered."

The illustration shows a number of these wretches who had the ill luck to fall into the hands of the Governor of Shiraz. The fate of the friendless among them is certain. The prison gate opens into the public square, where they will shortly either have their hands and feet chopped off, or be crucified, blown from



PERSIAN HIGHWAY ROBBERS AND MURDERERS AT SHIRAZ.—[Photographed from Life.]

guns, or have their throats cut like sheep, or be impaled and left to fester in the sun. But, unfortunately, the greater number of them, after a few weeks' imprisonment and a possible bastinado, will be allowed to return to their former occupations on the king's highway.

AMERICANS INVADING EUROPE.

One has only to watch the passenger lists published in the daily newspapers to form an adequate idea of the immense number of Americans rushing out of the country to spend the summer in the delights of European travel. Many patriotic persons shake their heads and sigh over the enormous amount of money thus taken out of the country, and over the folly of going to London, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Switzerland, the Nile, or Palestine, while the magnificent attractions of our own country are comparatively neglected. There is some reason for the complaint. Thousands of our country people visit Switzerland, and go into ecstasies over its pretty water-falls, who never saw the White Mountains or Niagara. But it must be remembered that, aside from the fact that traveling is much cheaper in Europe than in the United States, the countries of the Old World offer attractions of a very powerful nature in which the New is wanting. There are the charms of antiquity, of historical, romantic, literary, and artistic association; the magnificent architecture, the innumerable picture-galleries, the quaint old cities and towns, the strange manners and customs of the different peoples—every thing to excite and gratify the curiosity so characteristic of Americans. Add to these the social attractions afforded by the great European capitals, and we shall not be at a loss to account for the great exodus which suggested Mr. Lumley's pleasant series of sketches on page 692.

JAKE'S LUCK.

"Whatever *will* Mr. Squimps say? Oh, girls, to think of it—poor washed-out Amanda Liza, with her check aprons and faded calicoes—to think of her turning out an heiress! Whew! it takes my breath away. What 'll Jake do now, I wonder?"

Miss Jenny Smith was an acknowledged leader in the Squimps academy. She had maintained her rotund person and round good-natured face in spite of sour bread and scant rations. We thin and starveling girls looked up to her as a star of the first magnitude. We clustered round her in high conclave, as she sat on a desk in the school-room during the temporary absence of our worthy preceptor.

"Oh, *she'll* never think of Jake again," cried a sharp-faced girl in the corner.

"I'll bet she will," rejoined Miss Smith, slapping her hand energetically on her old grammar. Miss Smith had "big brothers," which may partly account for the vim with which she was wont to express herself. "But oh, don't I wish it was me! To think that Amanda Liza, that I used to lend my old collars to—"

"Young ladies, Miss Bimm!" cried a warning voice; whereat Jenny, with more haste than dignity, abandoned her lofty position, and there was a general stampede for seats, as Miss Bimm, the head teacher, came sailing in, followed by Mr. Squimps, the principal, black, tall, and solemn as the shadow of a lamp-post. Now for stricter rules, longer lectures on propriety, and a general surveillance founded on "certain recent occurrences."

What would Mr. Squimps say? Ay, to be sure that was always a question of importance, and Mr. Squimps always said a good deal. Here was an especial theme for his eloquence; for this case of poor Amanda Liza, who had been his bond-slave for ten years, cuffed and cornered, making no sign, and at last turning out to have relations of her own and a heap of money, and leaving his establishment "for good and all" in his absence, was a *leetle* too much for human nature, as he declared. For Mr. Squimps did not disdain to descend to "familiar colloquialisms" once in a while as a relief from the high mental strain of too much Latin and lexicon.

Mr. Squimps should have been a public speaker—so his wife declared, so all his friends affirmed—only the trouble was he would never have known when to stop. There was no "cork up" to him, the girls declared. Once given a little rope, a small vexation, an accidental jarring of his arrangements, and Mr. Squimps flowed out into limitless rivers of rhetoric. He argued his point down to the last whittle, wound up splendidly, touched up his side-whiskers, looked round for applause, turned over his wristbands, and, before you knew it, began again.

This was a splendid opening, this of Amanda Liza's—a girl whom he had taken out of "pure" charity when her folks died of fever, a girl whom he had educated, brought up in his very family, and—and—and— Mr. Squimps felt himself possessed on this occasion of all the stock in trade necessary for an orator.

"And Mr. Squimps like a father to her, too!" cried Mrs. Squimps, elevating her shriveled little hands.

Mrs. Squimps was a small wrinkled lady, rustling about of an afternoon in a stiff voluminous silk, so little, so shriveled, she seemed to rattle in it as she walked, like a withered kernel in a walnut-shell. She had had the benefit of Mr. Squimps's eloquence the greater part of her life, and was much like a worn-out text—thin and thumbed and faded.

The good lady was humbly aware of her deficiencies. A mere bit of quartz, she did not attempt to shine even in her husband's refulgence. All real authority in her department was delegated to Miss Bimm, who carried things with an air, taught the "higher branches," and took the lead.

Mrs. Squimps meekly took the kitchen, eminently fitter, as her husband declared, for that department, which was the foundation of all others. The foundation, prepared under Mrs. Squimps's supervision, was not very substantial. But elegance was the aim, gentility the law, at the academy, as Mr. Squimps observed, and no one asked twice for the same dish. An army of hungry girls, he remarked privately to Mrs. Squimps, would devour all before them unless properly restrained. Under this aspect sour bread and chill pancakes were judicious.

Amanda Liza, the girl about whom we were all just now in a furor, had assisted Mrs. Squimps and the maids in the kitchen of a morning, likewise of an evening; between these she generally sandwiched the thin hour of study, which was denominated her "education." She was a slim, drooping-eyed little thing, who never spoke up for herself; and if Jake hadn't spoken up for her once in a while, I think she would scarcely have held her own even under Mrs. Squimps's motherly sway.

"Old Jake," as we called him, was a black-eyed, ragged lad of eighteen, the factotum of the school, general fag, boot-black, and boy-of-all-work to the establishment, with an occasional elevation to coachman. Jake was subject to a state of chronic outbreak, restive, forgetful of rules, and "dreadful sassy," the maids declared. But Jake had his ideal, and that ideal was Miss Mandy Liza. Her pale, patient face, her soft, quiet voice, were potent with him. The girl was really poorer than Jake, lower in the scale, and with no apparent chance of rising from her bondage; but she recited with the young ladies, and it was Jake's high ambition to help her through with her chores and get her into class. Jake's guardianship of the girl was an accepted fact in the school and the village round about. No boy dared play any tricks on Amanda Liza.

"Jest you wait till I get my luck, an' I'll teach you!" was Jake's admonition, accompanied with a clinching of his sturdy fist that ably seconded the argument.

The girl took it all very quietly in her gentle way, and seemed to have a kindly regard for Jake—mending his coat occasionally, or darning his stockings—a thing Jake gallantly declared "she shouldn't do never agin; he wouldn't have no ladies waitin' on him."

Ladies! The girls used to nudge each other and smile; but for all that they were very good to Amanda Liza, whose faded dress and meek ways set her apart from the noisy youthfulness of the rest of us. We never begrudged the extra polish which Jake in his capacity of boot-black bestowed upon her shoes; and we did *not* laugh when those same shoes made their appearance one day adorned with a resplendent pair of steel buckles, which were afterward discovered to have been abstracted from the coachman's rig, in which Jake occasionally did duty, and to which, I am sorry to add, he was ignominiously obliged to restore them.

Occasionally, on some rare holiday, we girls had the privilege of a drive out into the country, when the Squimpses' superannuated sorrel, covered with an elaborate netting to conceal its deficiencies, and pricking up its tasseled ears with quite a show of spirit, would set off on a brisk trot, animated, no doubt, by the prospect of a grassy nibble along the road. Gay times were those. Jake was at his jolliest, and we all—old Dobbin included—forgot our "short commons" and long lectures, and grew hilarious together. Even poor Amanda Liza, quietly stowed away in the back seat, brightened up in the sunlight, and was meekly merry. Once I remember old Dobbin cantered along so friskily that he upset the whole party on a mossy bit of rising ground, and, whisking his long tail facetiously, quietly betook himself to pasture, while we picked ourselves up as best we could.

"We might have had worse luck," said Jake, as he plucked Amanda Liza out of the heap, shook her out, and wiped the dust from her black apron, leaving the rest of the party to look after themselves. Which we did, scolding and laughing by turns, and giving, quite by accident, the front seat beside Jake to Amanda Liza the rest of the way. Ah! the twilight that summer evening was warm and mellow, the fields were gilded, the meadows fragrant, and we heard a refrain of the grand eternal poem on the jolting seat of the old wagon, though Jake was silent the rest of the way, looking furtively now and then at the girl beside him, and being very attentive to old Dobbin. Poor Jake! Amanda Liza had shot up clean out of his reach since then, and what we wanted to know was whether the girl would remember him now in the days of her elevation.

A wealthy uncle, a splendid home, and money on her own account—ah! no wonder we had not seen Amanda since.

"They touched her off like a sky-rocket, and she vanished," said Jake, ruefully.

Had she vanished for good? Then poetical justice was a myth, and Amanda's patched shoes and faded dresses were not more worthless than she. We waited. We watched the windows furtively. We pricked up our ears at every ring of the door-bell, but weeks passed, and the golden coach-and-six in which our Cinderella was to arrive did not rattle up the drive to the Squimps academy.

I think we had almost given it up, and Amanda Liza's base forgetfulness and ingratitude were becoming an old story, when one day at noon Jake came rushing in among us, hot and shining, and holding between his thumb and forefinger a dainty billet. He looked like an embodied "hurrah" at that moment.

But to tell the truth, Jake could not quite make out the writing, for with all his "opportunities," as our worthy principal designated his vicinage to wisdom and learning in the capacity of shoe-black, the lad was unable to decipher manuscript—"hadn't the patience," he declared.

Jenny Smith read the letter for him amidst general applause. Justice and righteousness had triumphed, it appeared, and Amanda Liza had proved herself a "regular brick," as Jenny, with brimming eyes, observed, handing back the precious scrap of paper to Jake, who carefully wrapped it in his ragged handkerchief. The letter contained a brief invitation to the lad, urging him to come and see his old friend—a day was appointed for the visit, and the street and number where she was to be found were written out in a round, school-girl hand. A fashionable and wealthy quarter of the city, where Jake was not likely to be very familiar.

Jake set himself to work without loss of time at blacking his boots, albeit the appointed day was somewhere about a week ahead. But it would take a deal of fixing, he explained confidentially, to get ready, and he hadn't much to fix with. Jake's normal condition was not that of a dandy, certainly. He could only, as a general thing, be lured by the prospect of a drive to "red himself up," as Mrs. Squimps said. To be ragged and let alone was his heaven. But this time he rose to the greatness of the occasion—he brushed and scoured, washed out his sole white shirt, dusted and straightened his battered old hat, and mended his trowsers.

Deeply interested in Jake's fortunes, we watched the proceedings.

"But Jake," said Jenny Smith one day, "what are you to do for a coat?"

Unhappy suggestion! Jake looked aghast. He hadn't thought of that. Certainly he couldn't make his appearance in that overgrown coachman's rig, in which he was wont to illustrate the academical respectability on the road. And he had nothing else. No necessity had ever before developed itself for any thing save shirt sleeves and a woolen jacket.

An awful pause came over our deliberations for Jake. Miss Smith whistled, and finally suggested her water-proof—we all were ready to fling ours at his feet—but Jake couldn't go muffled like an Italian brigand. He shook his head.

Night closed without any solution of the difficulty, but we trusted that somehow the lad's quick wit would find a way out of it.

The next morning, however, a new sensation turned us from the contemplation of Jake's disasters. The house had been robbed. We were all terribly scared, and Mr. Squimps was in a fever of declamation and wrath. His coat, his best-beloved blue-black coat, in which he was wont to dignify trustee meetings, ornament his pew of a Sunday, and pay visits of state to his patrons—his coat had been stolen! *His* coat, a man so devoted to the interests of education that he scarcely had time to go the tailor's; to think that an ungrateful, inappreciative, idle world should have permitted *him* to be robbed! He raved, he stormed, he threatened vengeance, he lectured us on the degeneracy of the times, and forgot our Latin.

Vague forebodings of lurking assassins, masked robbers, and frequent skirmishes into the wardrobe and dormitories about this time kept us all in a nervous flurry, to the exclusion of all thought of Jake. But late one twilight afternoon, as we sat huddled in the windows of the long school-room waiting the supper-bell, we saw him issue from the outhouse. Oh, horror! Oh, apparition of terror! For with its tails nearly touching the ground, its long sleeves overlapping his hands, Jake wore, without a doubt, the missing coat, boldly marching in his stolen finery down toward the road in sight of us all.

In sight of sharper eyes too, it seemed, for not far from the house Mr. Squimps himself pounced upon him.

Poor, kind, light-hearted Jake! We held our breath that day and the next, for Jake had been marched off to prison, and Mr. Squimps's eloquence and morality were in full flow. He said a longer grace than ever at dinner, and we were all glad when, hungrily eying the scanty board, we heard the visitors' bell summon him to the parlor. I think we were in better appetite than usual that day, and left little behind us for our Mentor as we filed up-stairs toward the school-room. Passing the parlor door there rushed out upon us a little figure in a trailing silk dress and a bonnetful of nodding French flowers. It was Amanda Liza.

"Oh, girls!" she cried, hysterically, bewildered with an apparent desire to embrace the whole troop. "Poor Jake!"

Mr. Squimps, tall and solemn, rose with dignity, and closed the parlor-door upon their further conference. We heard him make this consoling remark,

"I always knew he'd come to no good!"

It seemed that Amanda had learned of Jake's mishap through some stray newspaper, where the well-known name of the virtuous and vengeful Squimps had met her eye. She comprehended the situation, and came to the academy to plead for her old friend.

We waited the news of Jake's fate breathlessly, nodding and whispering among ourselves. For there would be a trial or something terrible, of course, we hardly knew what. Mr. Squimps was away all the afternoon, the classes were demoralized, and we stood idly gazing out of the window at four o'clock, when a carriage came up the drive. To our amazement Jake sat on the box, elate and erect. He sprang down, and opened the door with a flourish, and out stepped Mr. Squimps.

"The girl pleaded so hard that I have decided not to prosecute," said Mr. Squimps; and if a splendid new coat fresh from the tailor's and a plump silken purse of unknown manufacture had any thing to do with this decision we were not informed of it.

"And I'm going to live with Miss Mandy Liza forever!" cried Jake, when he came among us, his face lit with a glory as if he were departing for heaven.

Would Amanda Liza dress him in a blue coat and brass buttons, and make him her coachman at good wages? Ah, what a rise for poor Jake! Amanda Liza was his saint, his angel, the hem of whose garment he touched reverently. There was no commonplace element about such love as this, and Jake would be content to let down her carriage steps and look after her ponies all the days of his life, we thought. And that was the last we saw of him at the Squimpses'.

But years after, when I was traveling in Australia with my husband, Mr. Smith and myself were invited to the ranch of one of the magistrates there, whose broad estates covered miles of mountain and meadow, and who owned almost literally "the cattle upon a thousand hills." In the lady of the mansion, a delicate and dainty personage, I recognized with a cry of surprise and delight my old school-mate, Amanda Liza; but I did not know the portly dignitary upon whose arm she hung until I heard her laughing whisper—"Oh, Jake, don't you remember old Squimps's?"

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Among the appropriations made by the State of New York for the State Cabinet of Natural History we find the following enumerations: Hall of Natural History, cleaning, repairs, etc., $3000; for the increase of the zoological collection, $1000; assisting in arranging duplicate fossils and minerals for distribution, $1500; salary of botanist, $1500; for the use of the Cabinet of Natural History, $10,000—making an aggregate of $17,000. The Board of Regents of the University receive $6500.

It is with profound regret that we record the death, within a few days of each other, of two of the most prominent American naturalists. The first of these is Colonel John W. Foster, who died in Chicago on the 29th of June, at the age of fifty-eight. Colonel Foster entered public life originally as a politician in 1854, in connection with the now obsolete "Know-Nothing" party; but not long after he left the field of politics for that of science, and devoted himself for several years to special geological explorations in the region of the West. Indeed, as early as 1837 he took part in the geological survey of Ohio; and subsequently, in connection with Professor J. D. Whitney, was engaged in the survey of the iron and copper regions of Lake Superior, of which the reports published by them are still standard treatises in American geology.

Returning for a time to Massachusetts, Colonel Foster again went back to the West, where he afterward became connected with the Illinois Central Railroad as a land commissioner, for which position his ability as a geologist eminently qualified him. Numerous geological investigations of more or less magnitude occupied his mind, and furnished the subjects of various published reports. He took a great interest in the establishment of the Academy of Sciences of Chicago, and was its president at the time of his death. One of the most important publications of Colonel Foster was his work on the physical geography of the Mississippi Valley, published in 1869; and it is understood that a work on the prehistoric races of the United States was nearly completed by him before his decease. To the Transactions of the Chicago Academy he has been a frequent contributor, as also to many scientific journals of the country, his papers having reference more especially to the subjects of geology and ethnology.

Our second name is that of Professor Henry James Clark, who died at Amherst, Massachusetts, on the 1st of July, at the age of forty-seven. Originally a pupil of Professor Gray, of Cambridge, in botany, and subsequently of Professor Agassiz in zoology, he rendered essential service to the latter in his contributions to the natural history of the United States, and in 1860 he became adjunct Professor of Zoology in Harvard College. In 1867 he was elected Professor of Natural History in the Agricultural College of Pennsylvania, and in 1869 accepted a similar position in the University of Kentucky, at Lexington. The Western climate not agreeing with him, he became Professor of Veterinary Science and Zoology in the Agricultural College of Massachusetts, at Amherst, in 1872, where he was engaged at the time of his death. Professor Clark has occupied a high position among American naturalists as an investigator and thinker, as well as on account of his familiarity with the use of the microscope, and the numerous important microscopical papers prepared by him. A work from his pen, entitled *Mind in Nature*, created a striking impression among naturalists both at home and abroad.

Some time before his death Professor Clark had completed a paper on *Lucernaria and its Allies*, illustrated by a large number of quarto plates, which is now in the course of publication by the Smithsonian Institution. He was a member of most of the learned societies of the United States—among others, of the National Academy of Sciences, to which he was elected in April, 1872.

The United States screw steamer *Juniata*, of 828 tons burden, left New York on the 24th of June, bound to Greenland, on her mission of rescue to the crew of the *Polaris*. She is in charge of Commander Braine, with a picked crew, and has been fitted out with every appliance needed for the success of her object. She reached St. Johns, Newfoundland, on the 30th of June, and immediately went into the dock for the purpose of being properly sheathed with iron, and otherwise strengthened and refitted. As soon as this was completed she left for Disco, on the 9th of July, where, or at Upernavik, she will wait until the arrival of her consort, the *Tigress*.

The *Tigress*, it will be remembered, is the Newfoundland sealing steamer which rescued a part of the crew of the *Polaris* from the ice, and was purchased by the Secretary of the Navy as a relief vessel for the remainder of the party, as being better fitted for this end than any vessel that could be properly prepared in time for departure during the present summer. She reached New York on the 28th of June, and was immediately examined by proper officers of the navy, who decided at once what alterations and repairs to place upon her. The entire force of the Brooklyn Navy-yard was called into requisition, and kept at work night and day until every thing was finished.

It is understood that $60,000 were paid for the vessel by our government, with the provision that the original owners may repurchase her if she return uninjured from the North. She is 165 feet in length, has 28 feet breadth of beam, and 16 feet depth of hold, draws 13 feet of water, and has a capacity of 463 tons. The *Tigress* has been placed under Commander Greer, lately of the Naval Academy, and is accompanied by Captain Tyson, late of the *Polaris*, as ice-master. Esquimaux Joe and Hans Christian and his family return in her to Greenland, Esquimau Hannah, Joe's wife, remaining in this country.

The *Tigress* left Brooklyn on the 14th of July, bound for St. Johns, where, like the *Juniata*, she will take in additional supplies, and then proceed northward. She is prepared to remain two years in the North if necessary, although it is hoped that she will return during the present season, convoying the *Polaris*.

A newspaper reporter announces that Commander Greer has declared his intention of not wasting his time by "pickling fish, bottling flies, or pressing flowers," and that the vessel will confine itself strictly to the duty of its mission of rescuing the *Polaris* crew. If this report is true, it was hardly necessary for Commander Greer so publicly to express his indifference to scientific research, when the *Polaris* itself left our shores with the special object of such exploration, and while the nations of Europe are sparing no pains nor expense in taking measures to accomplish the objects which would appear to be treated with such contempt.

We make the following extracts from the *Weekly Weather Chronicle* of the Army Signal-office for the week ending July 23: Two areas of low barometer have moved from Dakota eastward over the lake region and the Dominion of Canada. Minor disturbances have visited the Middle States and coasts of New England. Unusually heavy rains have continued almost daily at Mobile, and, indeed, throughout the districts bordering on the coasts of Louisiana, Florida, and South Carolina. Heavy but perhaps local rains are also reported from Minnesota and Lake Superior. Northeast winds remained for a few days quite persistently prevalent on the New Jersey and New England coasts, but brought but slight rain. The interior of the country seems to have experienced almost uninterrupted clear dry weather. The Red, Missouri, and Cumberland rivers have fallen steadily. The Ohio has fallen in its upper portions, but risen below Cincinnati. The lower Mississippi has risen, but it has fallen decidedly at Cairo, and all stations above that point.

It is stated that the experiment of Mr. George Shepard Page of marking some of the large trout in Rangeley Lake, with a view of determining their rate of growth, has borne practical fruit, and that a fish which in 1870 was labeled as weighing half a pound, proved to have attained two and a quarter pounds when taken in 1873, showing that it had increased about one and three-quarter pounds in three years.

The death of the Rev. Peter John de Smet, of the Society of Jesus, is announced as having taken place at St. Louis on the 23d of May last—an event which is worthy to be noted not only in an ecclesiastical but in a scientific point of view. Few persons have rendered greater service in civilizing and Christianizing the North American Indians, while travelers of all nations and creeds have been indebted to him for important information and assistance in reference to the regions of the far West. In numerous instances his messages to hostile tribes have secured safe-conduct to the traveler, while the government of the United States has repeatedly availed itself of his friendly services. Although not himself a special student of natural science, numerous collections made at his request and under his direction, and transmitted to museums at home and abroad, have attested his tastes; and it is even stated that he has left behind him a manuscript record of his life, in which are embraced important notes of the habits and customs of the Indian tribes of the West, and of the physical condition and natural history of the regions inhabited by them.

We are informed by recent arrivals from Bermuda that the *Challenger* left that station on the 12th of June for the Azores.

The first four numbers of a work upon indigenous and exotic Lepidoptera have been issued by Mr. Hermann Strecker, of Reading, Pennsylvania, the object of the author being principally to bring to the cognizance of the public the many new species from all parts of the world embraced in his very extensive cabinet. While the preference will be given to those from North America, he, unlike Mr. William H. Edwards, includes some species from other countries. The illustrations, which occupy one plate for each number, are all drawn, printed, and colored by Mr. Strecker himself, in the intervals of his daily labors, and the entire work is extremely creditable to him. The work is in quarto, and it is proposed to publish one number every two months, each with a single plate, crowded as fully as possible with figures.

The enterprise is well worthy of commendation, and persons desirous of obtaining the work can do so by addressing Mr. Strecker, at Reading. A few copies only are printed, and the drawings then erased to make way for a new set.

The death of Dr. Friedrich E. Melsheimer, the Nestor of American entomologists, took place at his residence at Davidsburg, York County, Pennsylvania, on the 10th of March last, at the age of ninety-one. He derived his taste for entomology from his father, Rev. E. F. Melsheimer, who conducted an extensive correspondence with various German entomologists as long ago as the beginning of the present century, as also from his association with Mr. Thomas Say, the well-known American entomologist and conchologist.

Dr. Melsheimer contributed largely to the literature of American entomology, having described numerous species of Coleoptera; but his most important work was a catalogue of the described Coleoptera of the United States, which, after revision by Professor Haldeman and Dr. Le Conte, was published by the Smithsonian Institution in 1853. As the first critical American work upon American Coleoptera, and circulated with that liberality which always characterized the Smithsonian Institution, it constituted an epoch in the science, and gave a powerful impetus to its development in the United States.

Dr. Melsheimer, until the late years of his life, had an extensive practice of medicine, and although seldom leaving home, was visited from time to time by most of the American entomologists, who greatly enjoyed the simplicity of his character and earnestness of his disposition.

Among the various enterprises connected with the stocking of the rivers and lakes of the United States with useful food fishes, not the least important is that having reference to the transfer of valuable species to the streams and lakes of the far West. We have already referred to the accident which involved the loss of a car-load of living fish in charge of Mr. Livingston Stone, and transferred under the joint auspices of the California Fish Commissioners and the United States Commissioner. It will be remembered that this consisted in the breaking down of the bridge while the train was crossing the Elkhorn River, and the liberation of the young fish into the water. As far as the fresh-water species are concerned this can not be considered an entire loss, as they were kinds most fitted to, and for the most part wanting, in the Missouri and its tributaries. The marine animals, including the oysters and lobsters, were in all probability destroyed.

Mr. Stone immediately returned to the East and awaited further instructions, and was directed to try the experiment of taking out a supply of young shad, to supplement a similar enterprise made two years ago by Mr. Seth Green under the direction of the California Commissioners. He started again with a supply of young shad, accompanied as far as Omaha by Mr. H. M. Welsher, one of Seth Green's most valued assistants, and we have the gratifying announcement, under date of the 3d of July, that Mr. Stone had been perfectly successful in the introduction of 5000 live shad into a tributary of the Great Salt Lake, and 35,000 into the Sacramento. As young shad of twelve or fourteen inches in length have already been seen and taken in considerable number in the Sacramento, it is to be hoped that this second experiment will furnish the means by which the rivers more remote may be efficiently stocked, and this very valuable food fish added to the economical resources of the Pacific coast. It will of course be desirable to extend the benefits of this species to the rivers of Oregon and Washington Territory; but it would be quite impossible, at least until the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad, to send young shad successfully to these places from the East, and we must therefore wait the lapse of a few years, until the spawning fish can be obtained from the Sacramento, for the stocking of rivers farther north, such as the Columbia, the Fraser, etc.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIF.

Among the numerous lakes of New York which invite summer travel, Lake Champlain is noted for its wild and varied scenery, Lake George for its "silvery waters" and the beauty of its ever-changing views, while Lake Mahopac, situated not far from Peekskill, on the Hudson, is so charming in itself, and located within such a convenient distance of the great metropolis, that it has become a popular and elegant resort. But there are few who realize what an immense number of lovely lakes and lakelets lie within the boundaries of this State, many of them fairy-like, and beautifully mirroring nature's charms from their placid surfaces, and scarcely one of them which would not be well worth visiting. Countless little sheets of water dot the vast Adirondack region. Mahopac is the centre of a group of a couple of dozen of lakelets lying within the circumference of a twelve-mile radius. Then there is a long series of interior lakes, of which Seneca and Cayuga are the largest, and all of which are charming summer resorts. Watkins Glen has added to the popularity of Seneca Lake—a beautifully romantic gorge, which will well repay the tourist to examine. Cayuga also has a wild ravine, and Taghkanic Falls, linked with it, are the highest in New York State, the cataract being, in fact, something like fifty feet higher than Niagara. Canandaigua Lake has a deep glen in its vicinity, about two miles long. Lake Luzerne is only about twenty miles from Saratoga—near enough for summer visitors at the springs to take a trip thither. Crooked Lake, Mohensick, Chautauqua, Owasco, and Scroon have each its peculiar advantages, while the seeker of the romantic and beautiful in their grandest combination can scarcely find a more favorable region than the vicinity of Saranac, Round, Long, Racket, and numerous other lakes among the Adirondack Mountains.

In San Francisco one of the sanitary provisions of the city ordinances is that every person shall have five hundred cubic feet of air in his sleeping apartment. Recently the police of that city made a descent upon forty-five Chinese who were found sleeping in a basement which should have been occupied by not more than ten persons. They were arrested—and we hope were given more commodious quarters for the remainder of the night.

A curious book is in the possession of a rich collector of curiosities at Bordeaux. It is a folio of about 300 pages, entitled *Livre Commentaire de Mathioli*, and is printed in seven different languages, and dates from the middle of the fifteenth century. This work, of which two copies only were taken, was printed by Gutenberg with wooden types cut by himself. The owner asks 100,000 francs for it.

The valuable collection of books and pictures left by Mr. Macready has been disposed of at auction in London. This collection was rich in plays, especially those of Shakspeare, many of which were marked for representation, others annotated, while many contained signatures and notes by this distinguished actor. Some rare books on costume were in the collection, which, indeed, as a whole, gave indications of the versatility and excellent taste of the owner. The collection of paintings, though small, was valuable.

During the hot weather the shabby establishments known as Fulton and Washington markets show their worst sides. It seems marvelous that the great city of New York should foster such ill-constructed, poorly drained, decaying buildings as store-houses for its daily supply of food. To pass through Fulton Market—and it is a common thoroughfare—on a hot day, is enough to make one feel like rejecting all food forever afterward. There is such a marked lack of neatness and nicety, such close proximity of eatables and garbage, such an accumulation of refuse matter, such a deficiency of pure air and overplus of unwholesome odors, that only what is called a "strong stomach" can endure it all. Those who are sensitive, if forced to pass through this unsightly place, hurry along, and only breathe freely when entirely outside.

The streets in the vicinity of Washington Market have long been incumbered by numerous meat, vegetable, and fruit stands. Those who have had frequent occasion to pass that way, especially in summer weather, have been constantly offended by noxious smells and unsightly garbage. Decayed vegetables and putrefying meat became a nuisance that bade fair to breed a pestilence in our midst. Recently the Board of Health, convinced that gentle measures were wholly ineffectual, took the matter up with vigorous hands, and utterly destroyed the unwholesome booths and stalls which have so long been a nuisance in those streets. The health of the city was imperiled, and this action of the Board of Health will doubtless stay the spread of disease in some measure.

The Postmaster-General estimated that about a hundred million postal cards would be purchased this year. Already over fifty millions have been ordered, and the probabilities are that the consumption this year will be double the estimate.

A little fellow about thirteen years old, an English boy, who has been in this country only a year, has adopted a novel mode of earning money. He seats himself on the sidewalk and commences to draw chalk sketches on the flagging. People flock around him, attracted by the manifest talent displayed by the pictures. The boy pays no attention to the crowd, except to request them not to press too closely upon him. Occasionally he will rise to his feet, throw his head back, and take an artist's view of his work. When he has entirely finished a sketch he passes his hat and takes up a collection. Latterly he has been in Newark, but he has attracted considerable attention by his performances in this city. Evidently he has an unusual genius for drawing rough sketches.

Farmers will be interested to know that an agriculturist has discovered an insect that will destroy the potato-bug. There is one slight objection to this new bug, however: it bores into the potato to lie in wait for the other bug. Naturally the potato suffers. The agriculturist fondly hopes to discover another bug which will destroy the bug that destroys the potato-bug.

The Viennese still hope on: thousands of tables with snow-white cloths are set out for the expected visitor, but he comes not. There is no great rush to the Exhibition grounds, but it is believed that eventually the traveler will wend his way into the carefully prepared snares.

The revisers of the "Authorized Version of the Bible" have received a very handsome offer for the copyright of their new version. But the New Testament will not be ready for three years, nor the Old Testament for six years.

Last year there were brought to the port of New York, from the Mediterranean, 474,349 boxes of oranges and 317,528 boxes of lemons, forming 175 cargoes. Some idea of the consumption may be formed from the fact that the total number of oranges was 112,462,600; of lemons, 114,408,260, on which there was a loss of twenty-five per cent., being greater than at any previous period within the last twenty-five years. From the West Indies were brought at the same time to New York forty-five cargoes containing 17,816,735 oranges, of which forty-five per cent. perished on the voyage. Sailing vessels are the usual means of transport; and from eighty to a hundred and twenty days are consumed in sailing from the Mediterranean ports to this country, and often as many as thirty in traversing the distance between the West Indies and New York. So it is not strange that the loss is great, although the fruit is always picked before it is matured.

A method of robbing houses is becoming so common that it is needful to guard against it with vigilance. Recently a couple of gentlemanly young men called at the boarding-house of a New York lawyer, asking for him by name. As he was out, they said they would wait for him in his room. There the servant left them, dreaming no harm. Nothing more was seen of them, nor of sundry articles of clothing and some valuable jewelry.

The common practice in railroad cars is for conductor or brakeman to open the door just as the car is about to stop, and shout out what is, presumably, the name of the next station. But what that name is can seldom be determined except by previous knowledge. You hear an undistinguishable shout, a slamming of the door, and look up, vaguely wondering what the explosive word was which was shot into the car. On the Connecticut River Railroad an arrangement is made by which the name of the next station is exhibited in full view of the passengers. The brakeman changes the name as each station is left, and at the same time a bell strikes, which attracts the attention of passengers. It is strange that some such simple arrangement as this is not generally adopted throughout the country.

The combined area of the six New England States is 68,348 square miles; the area of the single State of California is nearly three times as much. The area of the Middle States, including Maryland and West Virginia, is 137,364 square miles; California has 188,981 square miles within its borders. California is a great country: it is 78,135 square miles larger than the whole of Great Britain; and it would make twenty-four States the size of Massachusetts, with a couple of thousand square miles to spare, or one hundred and forty-five States as large as Rhode Island.

Some curiosities exist in the medical profession. A certain English physician is required, as a professional duty, to take luncheon every day at the castle of a noble lord. The household is immense, and some illness may occur which would demand his attention. He gets a good lunch, good company, and a guinea each day. Another English physician drives out of town every night to stay with a wealthy man who does not want to be left alone for the night lest he should need medical attendance. Another medical man has been attending a patient several years whom as yet he has never seen. The gentleman firmly believes he has a throat of peculiar construction, and that he is accordingly liable at any moment to be choked. That help may be at hand whenever any sudden emergency may occur, he has a physician in the house night and day. The physician, being human, must needs take his walks abroad, and it becomes necessary to provide a substitute for him two hours a day. Accordingly a doctor attends daily from twelve to two o'clock, fills up his time by disposing of an admirable lunch, and finds the gold and silver coin in their usual happy combination, neatly put up by the side of his plate, in tissue-paper. Up to the present date he has never had the pleasure of exchanging words with his interesting patient.

Look out for pickpockets and robbers. A skillful thief was once talking to a detective well known in New York, and the latter asked him how on earth he managed to steal a stud from under a man's nose.

"Oh, it's easy enough," says he, for, like most thieves, he was well acquainted with the detectives.

"Easy, but how?" queried the detective.

"Rub that black off your cheek," said the thief, as though he had just discovered dirt there.

"Where?" said the officer.

Taking out his handkerchief the thief rubbed a portion of the detective's cheek, put his handkerchief back in his pocket, and handed the astonished official a flashy pin, which a moment before had adorned the bosom of his shirt.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A gentleman who takes a business view of most things, when recently asked respecting a person of quite a poetic temperament, replied: "Oh, he is one of those men who have soarings after the infinite and divings after the unfathomable, but who never pay cash."

A Macon (Georgia) mule made a decided hit in the production of *The Cataract of the Ganges* on the local stage there recently. The "hit" was made with the mule's dexter hind hoof on one of the star performers, resulting in a total eclipse.

EPITAPH IN A CHURCH-YARD IN IRELAND.

Here lies Pat Steele.
  That's very true.
Who was he? What was he?
  What's that to you?
    Di-Do-Dum.

The force of habit is fully illustrated in the case of a retired milk-man, who says he never sees a can of water without having an almost irresistible desire to put some milk to it.

Some chap thought he would play a joke on Brigham Young, so he gained access to the list of his wives, and added twenty-seven, named Mary Jane Young, Josephine Ann Young, Sarah Melinda Young, and so forth. The next time Brigham called the roll twenty-seven didn't answer to their names, so he concluded they had died since the last roll-call, and putting a few inches of crape on his hat, he looked as sad as possible, but has not yet detected the joke.

If seven days make one week, how many will make one strong?

The Artists' State—Pencil-vania.

Said a conscientious auctioneer, "Ladies and gentlemen, there is no sham about the carpets; they are genuine tapestry carpets—I bought them of old Tapestry himself."

One of the sanitary police of Detroit, in going through an alley lately, came along to a barn, and as he halted he heard a voice say, "Take off that coat, young man." There was a pause, and about the time the coat was off the father continued: "You've needed a tanning this long while, and I'm ready to give it to you; you've been [whack] going out [whack] nights, and [whack and a howl] you've sassed [whack] your mother, and you've sassed [whack] me, and you've been trying [whack, jump, and howl] to run the house; but [whack and a yell] you can't do it." There was more whacking and howling, but the officer didn't stop, being convinced that Detroit had at least one old pioneer left.

"Up in Arms"—The baby.

"Sarah," said a young man the other day, "why don't you wear ear-rings?" "Because I haven't had my ears pierced." "I will bore them for you." "Thank you—you have done that enough."

An old toper was heard the other day to advise a young man to get married, "because then, my boy, you'll have somebody to pull off your boots when you go home drunk."

Night Lights—Glow-worms.

In a real property case before a French judge, at an early period of the Revolution (the story is told by the elder Berryer), the defendant, whose title was contested, proved that the estate had been in his family for more than two hundred years. "Well, then," said the judge, "it is now full time for another family to have a turn."

To what would a man, taking breakfast with his betrothed, be most likely to object?—To take any butter (but her).

Is "stealing a march" worse than "taking a walk?"

EPITAPH.

Stranger, paus—
  My tale attend,
And learn the cause
  Of Hannah's end.

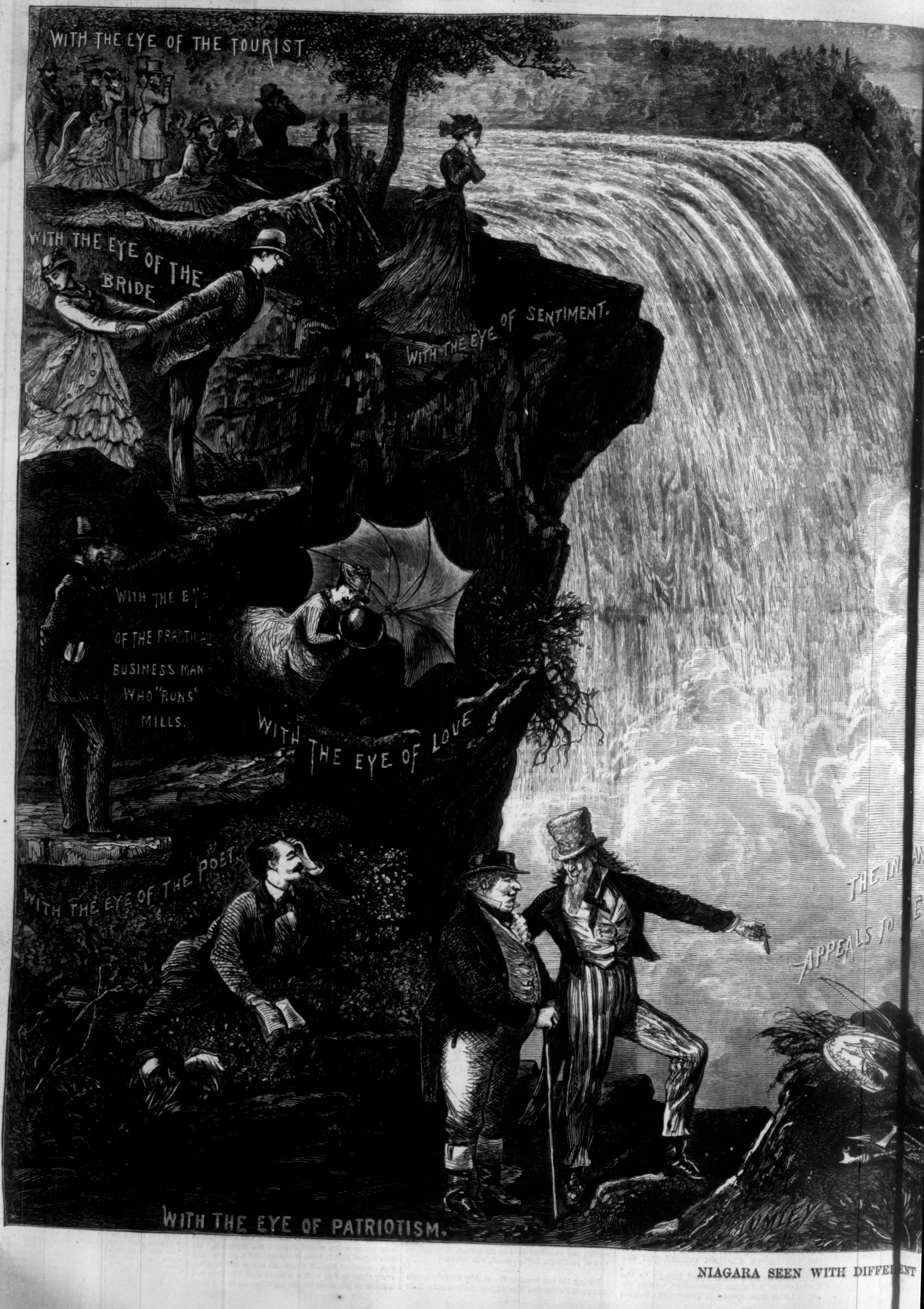
Across the wold
  The winds did blow—
She ketched a cold
  What laid her low.

We shed a quart
  Of tears, it's true,
But life is short—
  Aged 82.

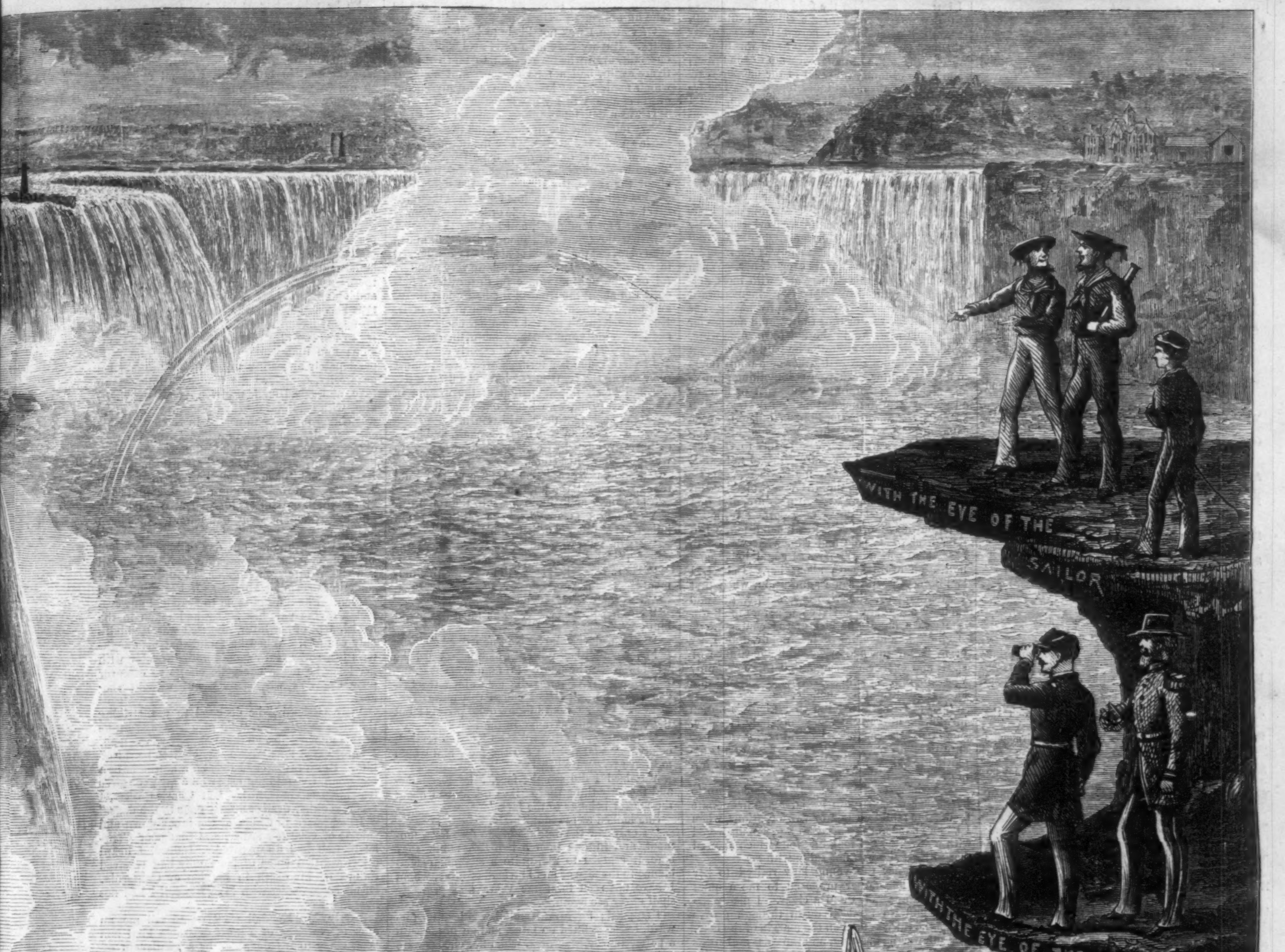
A greenhorn sat a long time, very attentive, musing upon a cane-bottom chair. At length he said, "I wonder what fellow took the trouble to find all them ar holes and put straws around 'em."

What is the difference between an oyster and a chicken?—One is best right out of the shell, and the other isn't.

A farmer and his wife called at a Detroit photograph gallery last week to order some photographs of her, and while the operator was getting ready, the husband gave the wife a little advice as to how she must act: "Fasten your mind on something," he said, "or else you will laugh and spile the job. Think about early days, how your father got in jail, and your mother was an old scolder, and what you'd have been if I hadn't pitied you! Jest fasten your mind on to that!" She didn't have any photographs taken.


WITH THE EYE OF THE TOURIST.
WITH THE EYE OF THE BRIDE
WITH THE EYE OF SENTIMENT.
WITH THE EYE OF THE PRACTICAL BUSINESS MAN WHO "RUNS" MILLS.
WITH THE EYE OF LOVE
WITH THE EYE OF THE POET.
WITH THE EYE OF PATRIOTISM.
THE IN
APPEALS TO

NIAGARA SEEN WITH DIFFERENT


WITH THE EYE OF THE SAILOR
WITH THE EYE OF THE SOLDIER
WITH THE EYE OF THE ARTIST
WITH THE EYE OF THE GEOLOGIST
IN AN
TO E GREAT SPIRIT

FFERENT EYES.—[See Poem on Page 698.]

NIAGARA SEEN WITH DIFFERENT EYES.

[See Double-page Illustration.]

Eyes of practical possession, eyes of wonder, eyes of pleasure,
Eyes of fancy deep and dreamy, eyes of toil, and eyes of leisure.

Quoth the Yankee, "Wa'al, I tell yeou now, we kalkerlate that's some
In the way o' water-power. What ud yer folks say to hum?"

Looking long with earnest vision, suddenly John Bull exclaims,
"Bless me! but, by George, that's nice, though! Why, it's bigger than the Thames!"

Sentimental girlish dreamer, with clasped hands and reverent eyes,
Prays that from that misty splendor she may see her fate arise:

And mayhap the fates have kindly answered some such girlish prayer;
For behold a timid brideling shrinking from the dangers there!

Man of business, studying gravely site and size to build a mill;
Lovers in their sheltered corner hiding, hushed and happy still—

What to them are falls of water, when they only see the rise
Of the true and tender passion shining in each other's eyes?

And the graceful poet, building from his own ecstatic dream
Fame and power as evanescent as the rainbow's passing gleam.

But the tourists, ruthless wanderers, brush from every rose its dew,
Seeking only more excitement—something wondrous, something new.

"O Niagara!" prays the red-browed chieftain of the forest wild,
"Father of the mighty waters, grant a blessing to thy child!"

Patient man of science, chipping at the foot-prints of old time,
Hearest thou the solemn anthem of the cataract sublime?

Artist at thy canvas toiling, canst thou catch the opal dye
Of the wild and willful waters to encharm a stranger's eye?

Sailors from the British waters, and soldiers who the waters scan,
Clasping hands across the border in the brotherhood of man.

Traveler from the Orient coming, hurrying onward to the West,
Bearest thou a grander picture in thy overburdened breast?

Nay! the earth's remotest borders have no fairer scene to show
Than the mighty falling waters and the promise-tinted bow.

O Niagara, the glorious! fair and fitting type thou art,
Not of social pride and power, but of Nature's pulsing heart.

THE ROMANCE OF THE BEAU-RIVAGE.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

Few Americans are now to be found any where who have not been in Switzerland. Fewer still who, having been in Switzerland of late years, do not know the Beau-Rivage Hôtel, at Ouchy, the little port of Lausanne. The Beau-Rivage is the vast palace, standing in what may almost be called a park, which looks across Lake Leman to the Savoy Alps. Tourists of late years have naturally enough poured into the Beau-Rivage even in preference to the pleasant and comfortable Hôtel Gibbon, in the town of Lausanne, although the grounds of the Hôtel Gibbon bear the fame of having been trodden by the historian of the *Decline and Fall*, when, on the completion of his great life task, he took his memorable midnight walk, and moralized on what he had done. Nor does the renown of the old-fashioned Anchor, at Ouchy—the Anchor in whose best room Lord Byron, belated, wrote part of one of the cantos of *Childe Harold*, and listened to Jura answering in thunder the joyous Alps—offer any serious rivalry to the gayety, the brightness, the walks, the woods, and the *table d'hôte* of the brilliant Beau-Rivage.

Two summers ago I happened to visit Lausanne and the Beau-Rivage, and while there chance threw me in the way of forming an acquaintanceship by means of which I became a personage in the story I am about to tell. I think there was enough of the romantic about it to justify me in giving it the name which I have adopted as a title.

I arrived at the hotel by train from St. Michel one morning, and was lucky enough to get a room in the hotel itself, instead of being relegated, as I had expected, to the *chalet* which is built close by on the grounds, and which serves as a succursal, or a chapel of ease, to the great building. I had hardly had time to congratulate myself on my good fortune when an elderly gentleman came with a young lady (apparently his daughter), her maid, and a courier. They were English; so was I—at least I hailed from British territory. They were soon in the midst of a little dilemma, for there was only one room left in the hotel. Their telegram had not reached, etc., etc. The one room in the hotel the lady could have, and there were rooms in the *chalet* at the disposal of the gentleman. But the father and daughter did not like the separation; and to cut all this preliminary matter short, I intruded myself on the field of debate, offered to give up my room to the elderly gentleman, prevailed upon him to accept it, was largely thanked for a very small favor, and was at once received into the acquaintanceship of the father, and more distantly into that of the daughter.

I sat near them at dinner that day. The father was a gentleman-like, genial person, and I soon learned, without inquiring, a good deal about himself and his circumstances. He had been a merchant, and was now retired from business. "Set up for a gentleman, Sir," he said, "and I find it rather a dull trade." Many things about his life and his ways he told me, but there was one thing he did not tell, and which yet I soon guessed at—his great trouble was his daughter. He was a widower, and he was evidently very fond of this daughter; but one should be dull indeed who did not see that she was his trouble. His anxious eye was hardly ever off her. When he spoke to you most freely and with most animation, he glanced round every moment toward his daughter. He was incessantly asking her how she liked this dish or that, would she prefer some other seat, would she not have some wine, and so forth. The attention he paid her was not like that which a devoted father commonly offers to a pet daughter. There was something of anxiety about it, something like distrust or fear, or an uneasy wish to make atonement. It reminded me sometimes of the kind of officious, over-eager attention a man who is conscious of having offended offers to a wife who begins to suspect. It was curious, and not agreeable, to note this, and one could not help noting it.

At first I thought the girl was probably consumptive, as so many English girls are, and that the father's watchfulness only sprang from his sad knowledge of her critical condition. But though she was pale and somewhat wasted in face, there was not, so far as I could judge, any indication of ill health about her. Indeed, I had observed with some admiration, when first I saw the pair, the vigorous, elastic, graceful rapidity of her step as she came across the lawn. She was a handsome girl of the characteristic Anglo-Saxon mould, with bright hair, and plenty of it, fine form, and a general appearance of spirit and energy, even now that there certainly was something of paleness on her cheek, and that she sat silent and melancholy.

"No," I thought, "the young lady is not an invalid. More likely the young lady is sulky. She is just the sort of girl a fond father would be sure to spoil, and the very eagerness of his attention is only calculated to keep her out of humor."

Yet whenever she did speak she looked up to her father with a quite genial and affectionate expression; and on one or two occasions, when I had a chance of speaking to her, she answered with a sweetness of look and tone which showed that at least she was not sulky with *me*.

After dinner the young lady retired to her room, and her father proposed to me a quiet stroll in the grounds and a cigar. I gladly assented, and we rambled down through groves and paths till we stood on the margin of the lake. The sun was just setting, and the sides and crests of the Savoy Alps were suffused with rose-color and purple and gold. We stood a moment or two in silence, and looked at the exquisite scene before us.

"I wish my daughter were here," my friend broke out at last, with something like a sigh. "But she preferred not to come," he added; and there was a tone of irritation or impatience in his voice.

"Your daughter is not an invalid surely?"

"Oh no; not at all. Did she seem to you like an invalid?"

"By no means. I only thought, perhaps, as she did not wish to come out this beautiful evening—" and I rather broke down here, not quite knowing how to get on any farther without saying something which perhaps I ought not to say.

"No, Sir, she is not an invalid, thank God! She is my only child, and things are bad enough without *that*."

It seemed to me that my new friend would have explained the whole condition of things to me if I had invited any such explanation. But I did not venture; and we soon began, after the fashion of English people who meet in a foreign country, to talk of acquaintances at home, and find out whether any of our friends were common to both. It so happened that I was very well acquainted with two or three families in London who were also known to my new acquaintance, and I had even received a letter from a member of one of the families a day or two before, telling me some news about her brother, who was in New Zealand with the regiment in which he was an officer, and mentioned the fact to my friend, whereupon he turned round delightedly, and said,

"Then you are the gentleman who is engaged to my old friend Sandmann's daughter?"

"Yes indeed, I am he."

"How glad I am to have met you! I have heard of you often. My daughter knows Julia Sandmann very well. But we have been living in the country for a long time, and I think you were abroad for some years?"

"Yes, I was in China."

"Ah, that explains why we never met before. How odd that we should meet here!"

This then established a strong bond of acquaintance. Mr. Kendall, my new friend, asked me to return to his rooms in the Beau-Rivage and have tea, English fashion, with himself and his daughter, which I was very willing to do. Miss Kendall received me very warmly when she heard of my engagement with Julia Sandmann.

"Dear Julia!" she said, "how long it seems since we met! We used to be very happy together."

And she stopped abruptly and turned away. Her father looked anxiously after her, and then quickly motioned to me as if beseeching me to take no notice.

Of course I was not likely to intrude any remark. But we were all a good deal chilled, and our talk, even when we began to talk consecutively again, had a tone of constraint about it which made me at least almost wish myself out of the company of my newly made friends.

It was a delicious summer evening, and a soft silvery moonlight began to illumine the lake and the lawn and the groves. The mountains across the water stood out in deep, dark purple mass. There was something poetic, delightful, dreamy, about the scene, the atmosphere, the lights and shadows; and we all became for a while thoughtful and silent. Suddenly one of the windows was darkened for a moment, and looking that way I saw that the figure of a man had passed, and I even observed the outline of his face as he glanced into our room. There was nothing very wonderful, or, indeed, at all wonderful in this, for a balcony ran along the front of the house just there, and persons often paced from end to end of it. But Miss Kendall started from her chair with a sudden cry and sprang to the window, then stepped out on the balcony and looked eagerly each way. How picturesque her form showed itself against the evening sky! It might have stood for a living and lovely impersonation of the woman in Campbell's poem, who looks out from the rock for "the bark that never will return."

Mr. Kendall half rose from his chair, and looked uneasily, almost with alarm on his features, to where his daughter stood.

"Jennie, my dear"—he began a sort of mild remonstrance—"the night-air, you know—"

She turned, and came back into the room.

"I thought I saw *him*," she said. "I did indeed! It was he, or it was his ghost!"

"My darling, whom did you see? There was nobody."

"There *was;* he passed the window this moment!"

"But there is no one on the balcony."

"No, but he *was* there. You must have seen him pass."

"Oh no, dear child! No one passed."

Mr. Kendall had not been looking toward the window when the figure of a man crossed it.

"Somebody certainly did pass along the balcony," I said. "Miss Kendall was quite right in that. I saw a man's figure quite plainly; but there was nothing strange in that."

"Not to you, perhaps," Miss Kendall replied, coldly. "You did not see the face, and would not have recognized it."

"Indeed I did see the face, Miss Kendall—and the only thing that strikes me as odd about the matter belongs to the face."

She looked at me inquiringly.

"I only saw the outlines of the face for a moment, and in less than a half-light; but they bore, it seemed to me, quite a striking resemblance to the face of an old friend of mine, whom I have not seen for some years, and probably shall never see again."

I stopped; for Miss Kendall was leaning forward, her eyes fixed on mine, and gleaming with a perfectly wild eagerness, while her cheeks were pallid and her lips trembled.

"Tell me his name!" she cried.

"Stop, stop!" interposed her father. "It can not be any body she knows. Or, stay! I think you had better tell her now. You had better satisfy her—it will drive some foolish chimera out of her head."

"There is no mystery about the matter, one way or the other," I said. "The friend whose likeness I thought I saw in the man at the window was poor Charlie West."

Miss Kendall uttered a scream; her father gave vent to something between a groan and an oath.

"I told you!" she said; and she turned with a gesture of wild triumph toward her father. "It was he! Alive or dead, he was there! Oh, thank God that brought me here!"

"Dear child, you amaze me. It could not be Charles West."

"Then it was his ghost come back from the grave to warn me—"

"The man who passed along the balcony was certainly no ghost," I interposed. "I did think for the moment that his face was strikingly like that of poor Charlie West. But even that resemblance would be nothing very wonderful. I wish I had not mentioned it, since it seems to have given Miss Kendall pain."

"Pain!" she said, in a tone that was almost fierce. "You have given me hope, when I was down almost to despair; and you have, at least, satisfied me, and my father too, that I am not becoming quite insane or idiotic. My course is clear—"

"Jennie dearest, do not say any thing rashly."

"My dear, dear father, you must not blame me, and you will not when you have considered. Let *him* not come to-morrow. If he does, it will be of no use. I will not see him, and I take back my promise. Tell him so in any terms you like. I am for telling him plainly the whole truth. I will see him for that purpose, if you like, but for nothing else."

She hurried out of the room.

All this was embarrassing, to say the least of it; and I began some sort of apology to Mr. Kendall for my presence and my somewhat incautious words.

"My dear Sir," he said, courteously but sadly, "I welcome your presence just at this moment, although I would give a good deal that this extraordinary thing had not occurred. Your approaching connection with a family we know so well gives me a sort of claim upon your patience and your confidence, and I shall be glad of some advice during the next day or two. I am worn out and perplexed with all this, and I want some counsel other than my own. Let me at once make a friend of you, and tell you all."

So he told me in as few and frank words as possible the trouble that was on him. Three years ago his daughter met Charlie West, my old friend, then a young man of great promise, and the son of a man who seemed to be wealthy, and they fell in love. Mr. Kendall approved, so did West's father, and they were engaged. Suddenly a heavy calamity fell on poor Charlie. His father had to confess to utter ruin, which he had long attempted to conceal under an appearance of splendor; he had ruined with himself a number of creditors; he was not merely disgraced, but brought actually within the scope of the criminal law—and he escaped by suicide. Charlie came in utter despair to Miss Kendall, and insisted on renouncing his engagement. He declared that he could not marry her, and could not endure to live in the country where he had met her and where he had to give her up. So he left England for Mexico, where, at that time, there was a delusive promise of success to ability and enterprise. Mr. Kendall frankly told me that he was glad Charlie had gone; that he by no means liked the idea of marrying his daughter to the son of a disgraced and bankrupt suicide; and that when West came to him and, passionately appealing to his friendship and his generosity, explained the course he intended to take, and asked for his advice, Kendall assured him, with cold and decisive promptness, that he was bound in honor to persist in renouncing his engagement, and even in withdrawing his very existence from Miss Kendall's knowledge. Perhaps poor Charlie had had some wild hope that Kendall would have played the part of the generous father in romance and the drama, and bade him to think only of his love. But Kendall told him to go; and he went, and had not since been heard of.

From that time not one day of happiness had shone upon father and daughter. Miss Kendall had been utterly miserable, fitful, wayward; sometimes seeming almost as if her mind were shaken. She did not seem to have had any suspicion of the part her father had taken in the banishment of her lover, and that was Kendall's only comfort. When he found that his daughter's heart was really bound up irrevocably with her lover he made energetic efforts to discover poor Charlie's whereabouts, but without success.

"By God, Sir," he declared to me, striking the table as he spoke, "I'd give half my fortune at this moment to find that unhappy young man. I never cared for him. I was glad to be rid of him. But if his father had been a murderer or a hangman, I should not care where my poor girl's happiness is concerned. But Charles West, I fancy, is either dead or utterly gone to the dogs."

I had heard in China of the break-down and suicide of Charlie's father, and that poor Charlie himself had disappeared. Indeed, I heard afterward that some of his family had received tidings of his death in Mexico or California. Of his engagement with Miss Kendall I had not heard.

Lately, Mr. Kendall went on to tell me, an offer of marriage of a most desirable kind had been made to his daughter by a gentleman of large fortune and high character, a member of Parliament, one who would still be called young for a public man—in short, just the sort of person a respectable British father would accept with pride and delight as a son-in-law. All the influence Mr. Kendall could exert he had brought to bear to induce his daughter to accept this gentleman, and at last she had made a kind of conditional surrender. She had promised to marry Mr. Paton, the suitor, provided he was still willing to be a suitor when he had heard fully the story of her love and her disappointment. And Mr. Paton had heard, and was quite willing. Mr. Paton, I presume, was what would be called a sensible man. He knew perfectly well that many of his personal friends lived very happily with wives who, according to all report, had been crossed in love before marriage; and he saw nothing to object to in the fact that Miss Kendall before she knew him had loved somebody else. The "somebody else" was out of the way, was probably dead; and even were he alive and near at hand, Mr. Paton was placidly satisfied that an English lady married to Mr. Paton, M. P., would always conduct herself in a manner befitting the wife of such a man. So poor Jennie Kendall yielded and promised, and the marriage was to take place in the beginning of the next year; and meanwhile the lover was to join her father and herself at the Beau-Rivage the moment he could escape from the House of Commons; and he had telegraphed to say that his coming might be looked for the very day after that on which this story begins.

So Mr. Kendall finished, and I began.

"Do you think it quite impossible that we have seen the real, living Charlie West?"

"Good Heavens! what could bring Charlie West here, supposing him alive? I tell you, my dear Sir, the thing is absurd, impossible!"

I do not believe in impossibilities unless where the bare statement of the case involves irreconcilable contradiction. Tell me Charlie West is dead and yet living on the earth, and I say what you have told me is an impossibility. But assert that Charlie West, whom we all supposed to be dead in California or Mexico, is now alive in Switzerland, and I may disbelieve, I may doubt, I may require proof, but I certainly will not say the thing is impossible. So I told Mr. Kendall. He did not wish to adopt my view of the possibilities.

"Mr. Kendall," I said at last, "my earnest advice to you is this. Receive Mr. Paton tomorrow, and tell him frankly what has happened. Tell him, if you like, what you think of the matter; but do tell him what has happened. Meanwhile I will endeavor to get to the heart of all this. Proceed you upon the assumption that Charlie West is dead. I will now go and seek for my old friend on the assumption that he is alive. He may be now in this very hotel."

"Shall I assist you in the search?"

"Thanks—no. I think I shall do better alone. You are, in any case, staying here some days. Switzerland is a small place—at least it seems very small to a man who has come from China—and if Charlie West is alive and in this country, and is not purposely hiding from me, I shall find him or trace of him in forty-eight hours. Good-night."

Of course the first thing to do was simply to inquire at the *bureau* of the Beau-Rivage. No Charles West was registered there. The officials assured me that I had seen at the *table d'hôte* nearly all the resident guests. But there was a Spanish gentleman who had had a private dinner-party that day, and there might have been an Englishman among the guests. The Spanish gentleman was not in the house now. His guests came, the clerk thought, from the Hôtel Gibbon, Lausanne.

I went to the Hôtel Gibbon straightway. No Charles West there. But I found two Spanish names and that of an Englishman or American (Mr. Leslie Roberts) registered as of one party. Moreover, I found that they had not dined in the house that evening, and that they had just left by the last train for Geneva.

I ordered post-horses and went on to Geneva. It was busy morning when I got there, and I went round all the hotels without finding any record of the party whom I had pursued thus far on so vague and wild a conjecture. All I could learn was that at the Hôtel des Bergues three gentlemen had arrived the night before, slept there, and started early in the morning for Chamounix. No names were given; and the only clew I had to the identity of the party was that they were three, that one of the three spoke for the whole, and that he spoke French with a foreign accent. Just think of my wild-goose chase! I was hunting after a party of whom I knew nothing whatever, except that two were Spaniards, and one was an Englishman who gave his name as Leslie Roberts, and I was hunting them on the wild speculation that Leslie Roberts might turn out to be Charles West!

"I am a born idiot!" I said to myself. And saying it, I ordered a carriage and started for Chamounix. I slept nearly all the way. Scenery which for the latter half of the journey has hardly a rival in the world passed this time unheeded under my stupefied eyes. When I woke it was quite dark, and it was two in the morning before I got into Chamounix. I was only too glad to get into the first hotel which would open for me. It was hopeless to think of setting about inquiries that night. I went to bed.

Next morning early I went round the hotels, and found where my two Spaniards and Leslie Roberts were registered. They had gone off hours before, with guides, to ascend Mont Blanc.

Now, *par Dieu*, I will not climb Mont Blanc after them! I would do it for Charlie West if I knew it was he, but not for Leslie Roberts. I *have* made the ascent of Mont Blanc, and of all the stupid, wearisome, distressing, useless, desolate performances— No, I will not do it again! Leslie Roberts must come down some time. I'll wait.

So I waited. I walked to the source of the Arve River, and, generally speaking, "lounged round." And at night Chamounix was all astir and aflame with the news of an accident that had happened on Mont Blanc. Three had gone up and two guides: two of the tourists and one of the guides had fallen down a precipice and been killed. The tourists were two Spaniards or Mexicans and one Englishman. My first thought was, "Pray God that, after all, Leslie Roberts may prove not to be Charlie West!"

Then again came news more mature and accurate. One Spaniard was certainly killed and one guide. The second Spaniard (or Mexican) was injured. The other guide and the Englishman were safe. "Then," I thought, "pray Heaven that Leslie Roberts may prove to be Charlie West!"

I joined a party who were going up to help in recovering the bodies. Much as I now dislike Alpine climbing, I am not an inexpert cragsman—and in any case my mind would not allow me to remain below. But before we reached the spot the two bodies had been raised from their icy grave by some of those who had gone thither from Chamounix on the first news of the calamity. And in the chill dawn, in a ghastly cleft of the awful Alps, I saw a figure bending over a corpse—and the figure was that of my old friend Charlie West.

"Will you descend, Mr. Roberts?" said a guide in a tone of commiseration.

"It matters little where I go now," Charlie answered. "I have lost my best friend on earth."

"No, no, Charlie West," I exclaimed (in English—his words were in French). "You have dearer friends, and I have come to bring you to them."

The rest of the story is not long to tell. I brought Charlie West (*alias* Leslie Roberts) to Lausanne. On our way thither he told me the history of the past two years. When he left Europe he went to Mexico, and tried in many ways to make a fortune there, having still some faint romantic hope of one day returning to claim Miss Kendall. He failed in all, and took to teaching French, German, and English. One family of Spanish Mexicans employed him, appreciated him, and was more than merely kind to him. There were two sons in this family, and with the elder of these he formed a warm and sincere friendship. The two sons were sent to travel to Europe, and Charlie received a liberal invitation to go with them as tutor, interpreter, and companion. Poor fellow! his finances would not in any case have allowed him to regard such a chance with indifference, but he stipulated that he was not to visit England. His friends and patrons must travel that country without him—he could not endure to look on the old, dear, lost scenes again—and he frankly told his friends the reason why, and they respected his emotions and his renunciation.

I ought to say that the moment he left England Charlie dropped altogether the name which seemed to him to be darkened by irretrievable disgrace, and called himself Leslie Roberts—a pseudonym he compounded for himself on the random principle of adopting the first two proper names which presented themselves on the page of a newspaper.

So they sailed from Vera Cruz and came to St. Nazaire, and studied Paris, and idled along the Rhine, and entered Switzerland. It was against his advice and against his will that his two companions would ascend Mont Blanc, and he had at least the poor consolation of knowing that he had not himself to blame for the calamity which robbed him of so dear a friend.

No man ever perhaps received a summons more surprising and delightful than that which my coming brought to Charlie West. It was a summons which not even his chivalrous and fastidious spirit of independence could refuse to obey, for on his obedience depended the whole earthly happiness of the girl he loved, and who so truly loved him. "It is more than a summons from death to life," said Charlie himself; "it is a call from Tartarus to Elysium. I can tell you that there were times when I felt to the full what Tennyson—isn't it he?—means when he speaks of lonely hell. Lonely, don't you see, because no one cares for any body, loves any body, pities any body there; but every one is wrapped up in his own misery." Yet it is to the credit of Charlie's manly and generous nature that not even in the full flush and joy of his recall to life and happiness did he forget for a moment the dear friend who had just gone down to death.

Charlie came to Lausanne. No eyes but their own saw the first meeting between him and the girl who loved him so faithfully and fondly. Mr. Paton, M.P., went back to London, bearing his discomfiture like a dignified English gentleman, and Jennie Kendall soon looked the brightest, happiest woman at the dining-table of the Beau-Rivage.

One odd fact I must mention. Charles West insisted that he never passed along any balcony on the memorable night I have described. He and his companions dined with a Spanish gentleman in a private room of the Beau-Rivage. They left rather early, and he remained behind a moment or two to ask some questions of one of the officials, and then followed his companions. But he had no recollection of passing along a balcony, and was sure he had never done so. Therefore it pleased Miss Jennie and himself to see in the whole incident a supernatural visitation and intervention providentially designed to tell her that her lover lived and was near her. I did not care to dispute it. My own conviction was that Charlie, following his companions, lost his way, strayed from a corridor on to the balcony, and from the balcony to a corridor again, and never heeded. Our room was in darkness when he passed, while the moonlight illumined his face and figure; and thus he went on, unconscious that the woman he loved above all the earth was near him and saw him. But neither he nor she would ever yet—although they have been more than a year married and now have a baby—accept such an explanation. Why should I insist upon it? If the stars in their courses did really pause to guide and unite my two dear friends, that fact only adds the deeper interest and mystery to my Romance of the Beau-Rivage.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

One of the bishops of the Church of England has acknowledged his inability to arrest the Romanizing practices which are on the increase in his as well as in other dioceses. The parishioners of Morpeth, in the see of Durham, having complained of the use of wafer bread in the sacrament, and of colored stoles, etc., by their rector, their bishop condemns the rector, but advises them not to attempt legal proceedings against him. Not only are such proceedings expensive, but, adds the bishop, "they only get rid of one illegal and offensive imitation of the ceremonies of the corrupt Romish Church to have substituted, very possibly, some other ceremony as illegal and objectionable, so that the legal proceedings might be endless."

This is a confession that there is no remedy for the practices complained of.

The reconciliation between the contending parties in the Free Church of Scotland appears to be complete. Dr. Begg, the leader of the anti-unionists, has started upon a visit to New Zealand and Australia.

Father Gavazzi is at present in England, and is addressing large meetings in behalf of the missions of the Free Church of Italy. He is very severe upon the ritualistic tendencies in the Established Church, and declares that they outdo even Rome itself. Referring in one of his lectures to the petition for the establishment of the confessional, he cried out "Shame! shame!" when the entire audience broke out in long-continued applause.

The total amount reported to the Lord Mayor of London as collected for the hospitals of the city was, up to June 29, £24,000.

Romanism has grown with great rapidity in Brooklyn, now the third city of the Union in population. According to the *Tablet*, there are in that city thirty-three Catholic churches, besides a cathedral, vying with that of New York, in process of erection. Among the religious orders established there are "the Lazarist Fathers, the Fathers of Mercy, Franciscan Brothers, the Brothers of the Christian Schools, the Sisters of the Visitation, Sisters of St. Dominic, Sisters of St. Joseph, Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of Charity, Sisters of the Good Shepherd, Little Sisters of the Poor, the Franciscan Sisters of the Poor."

In the death of Bishop Wilberforce the Church of England loses one of its most distinguished representatives. He was the third son of William Wilberforce, the philanthropist and emancipator, and inherited much of his father's oratorical talent. At Oxford he won some of the highest honors for scholarship; in the Church he rose rapidly. Among his other clerical positions he held that of chaplain to Prince Albert. In 1845 he was made Bishop of Oxford, and in 1869 he was translated to the see of Winchester. Though popularly known as "Soapy Sam," a nickname given to him by *Punch*, he was esteemed in England as a most sincere and useful prelate. A brother, the Archdeacon Wilberforce, entered the Roman Catholic Church. Like Sir Robert Peel, Bishop Wilberforce met his death riding on horseback.

A better instance of all-conquering pluck has not lately been seen in the religious world than in the completion of the re-endowment of the Auburn Theological Seminary (Presbyterian), in the State of New York. Colonel Edwin B. Morgan had offered to give $75,000 of the endowment fund if the sum of $225,000 were raised in sixty days. In the event of failure to obtain this amount it had been decided to remove the seminary to Aurora, where a gift of $400,000 from Colonel Morgan awaited it. The citizens of Auburn, unwilling to part with the institution, and other friends made great exertions to secure the necessary pledges, but up to the last hour of the sixty days $65,000 were needed of the sum required. At this juncture the soliciting committee, all of them clergymen, executed an obligation in legal form pledging their estates for the $65,000. The obligation was accepted, and the endowment secured. The estates of these ministers are said to be an ample security for the money; but the Presbyterian Church will undoubtedly see that they do not suffer for their generosity.

Those who have been accustomed to speak with contempt of the "Pennsylvania Dutch" will hear with surprise that Lancaster, the leading German county of the State, is first in church accommodations, and that Berks, with a population of 106,000, has 88,000 church sittings. In fact no people are more devoted to the Church of their fathers than are the descendants of the Protestant Germans who settled in the good old commonwealth early in the eighteenth century, and have done so much for its prosperity. According to the *Lutheran and Missionary*, nine counties of the State have church accommodations in excess of the wants of the population. Among the deficient counties are Alleghany and Philadelphia. The former has 129,585 church sittings for 262,204 inhabitants, the latter 302,239 sittings for a population of 674,022.

The Rev. Luke Wiseman, the President of the Wesleyan Conference of England, in a recent address made the following estimate of the adherents of the different religious faiths among the English-speaking peoples of the world:

Protestant Episcopalians	12,500,000
Presbyterians	11,500,000
Baptists	10,500,000
Congregationalists	7,500,000
Methodists	15,000,000
Roman Catholics	10,000,000

This would make a Protestant population of 57,000,000 to 10,000,000 of Roman Catholics.

Western energy and benevolence are providing help for the Jews of Palestine. There is an agricultural school at Jaffa, supported by the "Alliance Israelite Universelle," which is reported to be a decided success. Orphans' homes and schools have also been established for their benefit. The entire number of Jews in Palestine is under 20,000, and they subsist largely upon the alms of their brethren in other lands.

The pilgrimages to the shrine of the Sacred Heart, at Paray-le-Monial, in France, still continue. According to the Catholic papers, "Cities, towns, villages, and parishes send deputations with banners" to offer prayers for France and the Church. Belgium is as fully represented as France. Some 20,000 pilgrims have visited the shrine in a single day. Mass, which commences at midnight, is said at numerous altars for long hours by a succession of priests. All through the monastery and the parish church confessors are engaged in hearing and absolving penitents. Priests and bishops deliver discourses in which sorrow for sin and mourning over the fate of France and the Pope are intermingled. The chorus of the principal hymn used is "Save Rome and France in the name of the Sacred Heart." Religion and patriotism are blended together in all the acts of devotion. France prepares thus for the struggle to recover her supremacy, and unites her fallen fortunes with those of Pius the Ninth.

The General Assembly of the Catholic Committees of Germany, recently held at Mayence, has issued an address to the Catholics of Germany. The address distinctly accepts the struggle between the empire and the Church, and "entreats that every Catholic take an active part in the elections of the Reichstag and Landtag of the different confederated countries, which take place toward the end of the year."

Germany and the Church are now fairly pitted against each other.

The inefficiency of the bishops of the English Established Church in dealing with the advanced ritualists is subjecting them to very severe criticism. The *Times*, which is never very zealous on religious questions, rebukes them thus: "That which disappoints the public and leads to the perils we have described is that, even when the law has been declared, and when the violation of it is not merely notorious but ostentatiously avowed, the bishops take no steps, either by speech or act, to enforce it. The English Church Union, for instance, in the resolutions we reported the other day, have actually represented to the archbishops that 'the entire suppression of ceremonies and practices adjudged to be illegal by the Privy Council would be dangerous to the peace and subversive of the liberties of the English Church.' In other words, a certain number of the clergy tell the bishops plainly that they refuse to obey the law. If the bishops do not in plain language reprove and condemn such an insubordinate announcement, can they be considered as doing otherwise than encouraging the disobedience? As matters stand, the bishops are protecting the clergy in setting the law at defiance."

The London *Spectator* has been studying from photographs the physiognomy of the members of the College of Cardinals. Its judgment from the faces of the whole group is that they are "simple old men, with handsome, gentlemanly features, and very moderate brains. There is no one among them with a face quite so intellectual as Father Newman; no one with the true ascetic face of Dr. Manning; no dreamer, unless it be Bonaparte; no real Torquemada. There is but one strong aggressive face, with the fighting peasant beneath its steadiness (Cardinal Cullen); but one physically bad face, Casoni, who looks like a turf-man of the lower grade; and but one who would be taken for an English bishop, Filippo e Sorso. There are but three who surpass the usual type—Monaco de Valetta, a superb face; Bonaparte, exactly like the first Napoleon, seminarized; and Riario-Sforza, the imaginative man, who would, it is said, shake Europe by declaring for the democracies of the earth as against its kings. His face, with its steady eyes, clear-cut features, and broad determined chin, is that of a man who would have wielded the temporal power and saved Rome." It is almost useless, however, to speculate upon the election of the next Pope. In the matter of the choice of an incumbent to fill the chair of St. Peter the history of the Papacy is full of surprises.

In addition to the two colleges at Beyrout and Constantinople, founded by American Protestants for the benefit of the natives of Turkey, it is now proposed to establish a third in the interior, in which instruction shall be given in the Turkish language. The people of Aintab have begun the preparatory department, and have pledged to it £1500. It is proposed to raise for this institution £5000 in England and £15,000 in America. A site of twenty-five acres has already been secured.

Eleven Chinese youths were baptized and admitted to membership in the Presbyterian Mission Church of San Francisco on the 15th of June.

No one of the many institutions of Brooklyn is more practical than the Tabernacle Lay College, organized by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, of the Central Presbyterian Church. Its object is the preparation of laymen who are engaged in active business pursuits for Christian work. Its exercises have consisted of lectures by distinguished divines, training in extempore speaking, in Biblical knowledge, etc. Several hundred students have been in constant attendance, and the experiment has proved an entire success. It will reopen in October. The Rev. Reuben Jaffray, D.D., a leading Baptist clergyman of Cincinnati, and also well known as an educator, will assume the charge. The success of the Tabernacle College will no doubt inspire others to repeat the experiment in our large cities.

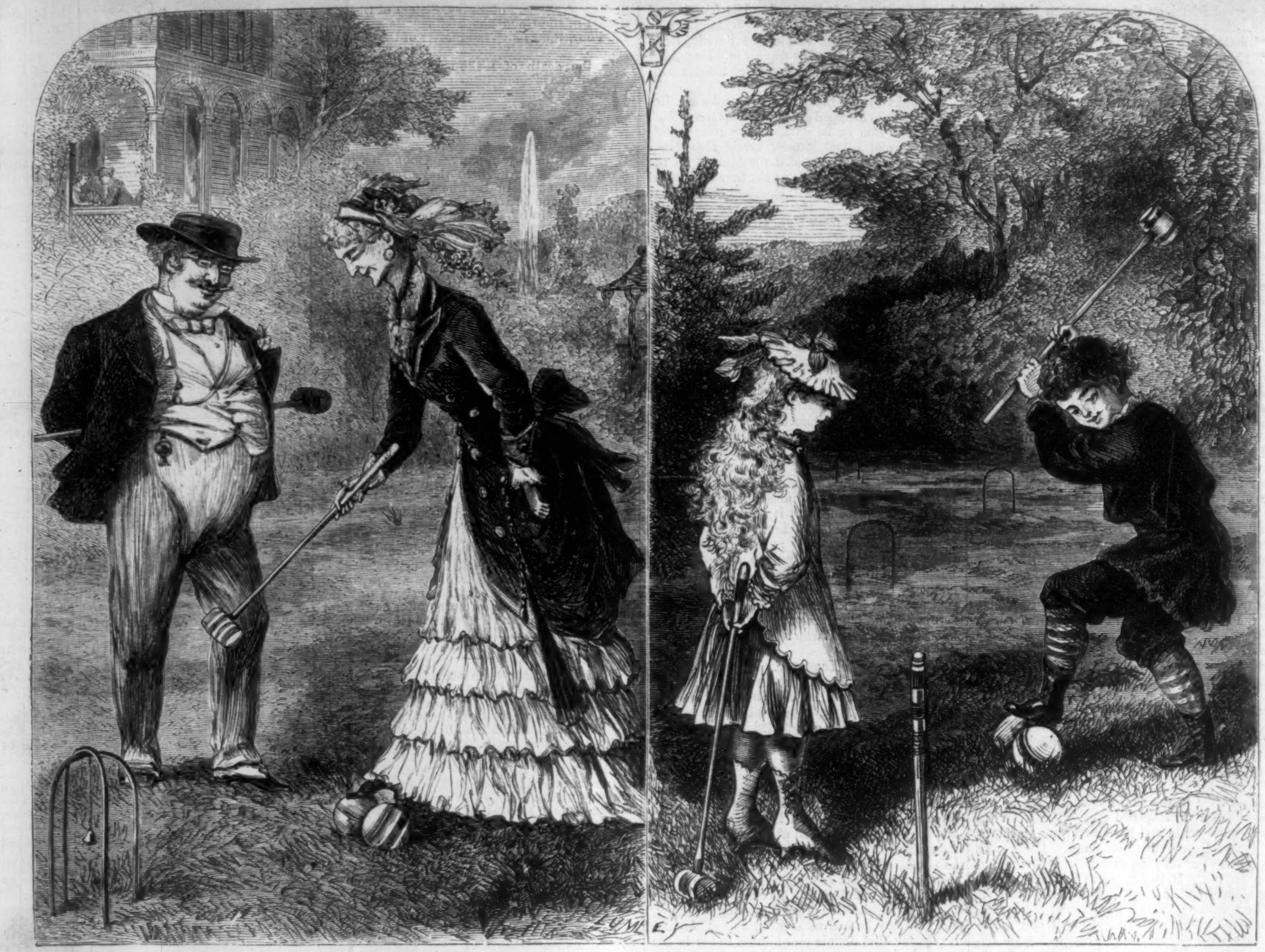
The Russian Mennonites, who are seeking a place of settlement for the brethren of their faith, are receiving very generous offers of land. The Canadian government has presented to them liberal inducements to make their home in Manitoba. The Northern Pacific Railroad is trying to secure them for the region adjacent to its line in Dakota, and the authorities of Minnesota are showing them every civility. These Mennonites, though born in Russia, are of German stock, and are believed to be the forerunners of a large migration from both empires.

The exemption from military service, spoken of in our former notice as having been enjoyed by this people, has lasted for eighty years, not eight, as printed.

According to an account given by Professor William Mathews, of Chicago, Mr. Spurgeon's labors have greatly impaired his health. "The sword," says Professor M., "has proved too sharp for even the stout scabbard. Ten years ago preaching was almost as easy to him as singing to a bird. To electrify, convince, and persuade audiences was a labor of love. Now every Sunday's efforts cost him forty-eight hours' pain."

Some one has been looking up the war record of Gambier College, Ohio, and finds the following remarkable results: Among its graduates "first stands Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, who so efficiently aided the Administration as Secretary of War. Then comes a list of four major-generals, eleven brigadier-generals, eleven colonels, ten lieutenant-colonels, one adjutant, twenty-seven captains, thirty-two lieutenants, eight sergeants, sixteen chaplains, five paymasters, twelve majors, fourteen surgeons and assistants, one engineer, one in the navy, and twenty-six privates. Of these, some were among the most efficient in putting down the rebellion, and were in many of the bloodiest battles of the war. Of the number eight fell in battle, and many died in hospitals after leaving the army." We doubt if this can be exceeded by any other like institution in the country.

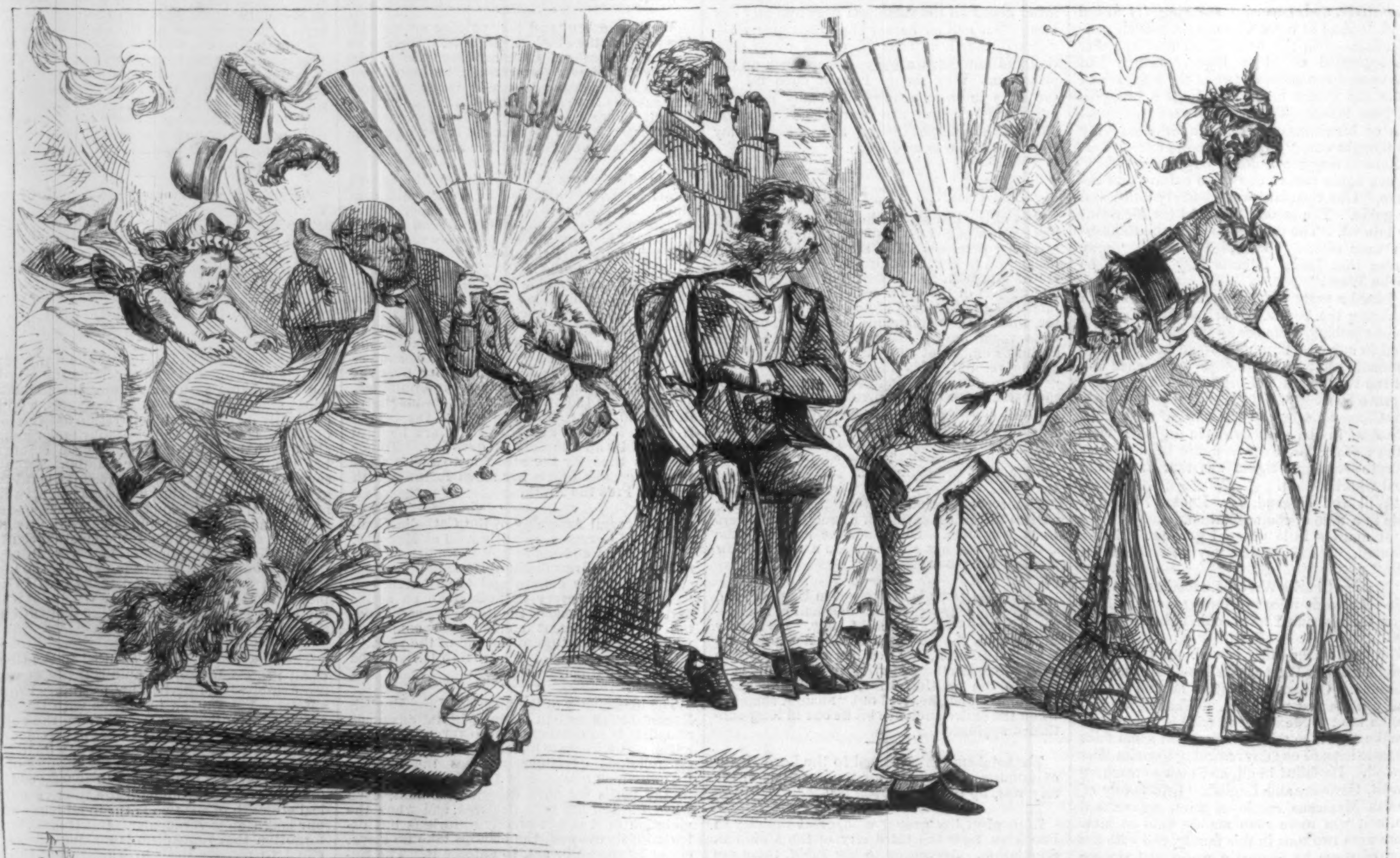
The New York *Times* is entitled to the thanks of all Protestants for its able articles, in which are exhibited the perils now assailing Protestantism. Yet we can not agree with the *Times* that Protestantism is declining; on the contrary, the figures printed in the department of Religious Intelligence this week, which show among all the English-speaking peoples of the world 57,000,000 Protestants to 10,000,000 Catholics, prove clearly enough the relative numerical strength of the two faiths in all lands where our language is vernacular. But it must not be forgotten that Romanism is making a supreme effort to recover itself in Europe, and to push its fortunes in America. In the Old World its chief reliance is upon France; in the New, upon the control of public education. For this latter it will struggle at the cost of millions of money and a century of exertion. What, under the circumstances, is the duty of the American people is very obvious.



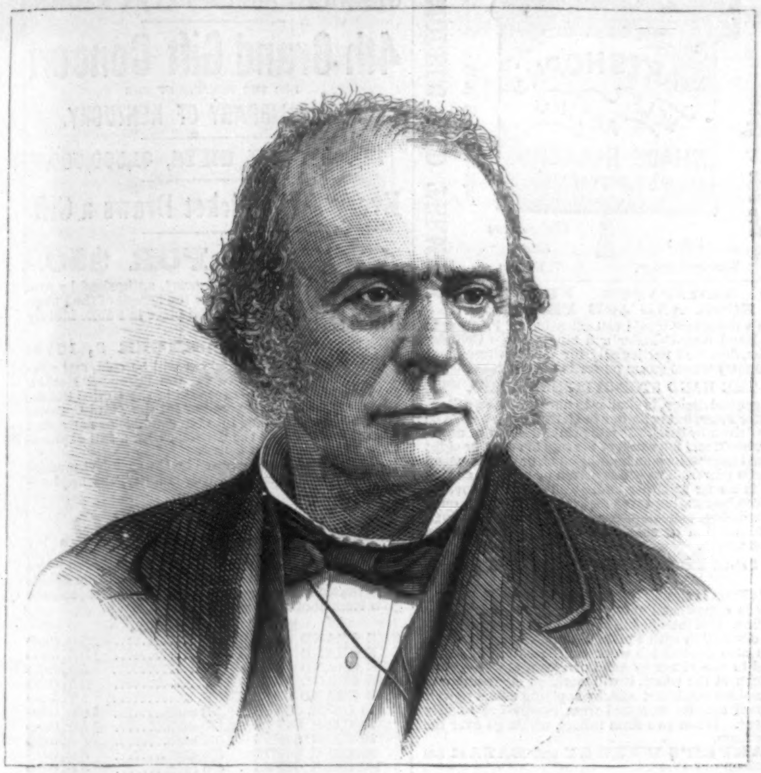
NEVER TOO OLD TO PLAY CROQUET— NOR YET TOO YOUNG.

THE FASHIONABLE FAN.

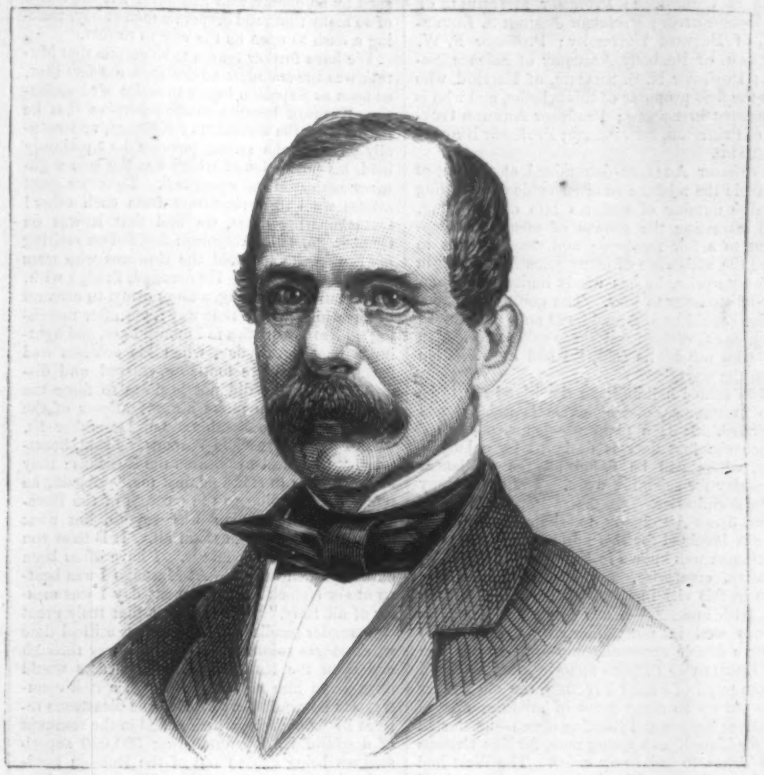
It is one of the inscrutable and most exasperating traits of ladies' fashions that, like the other whims of the same dear creatures, they always run into such wild extremes that the most exuberant caricature is tame beside the reality. The immense circumference to which hoop-skirts attained put even Hogarth's pictorial satire to shame, while at the next decree of fashion they shrank to such preternatural scantness that it was a wonder to the masculine mind how ladies managed to walk. This is but a single illustration: a mere catalogue of the fashionable changes of a single season would fill a volume. Perhaps the most curious feature of it all is that ladies should deny this impeachment *in toto;* and we have no doubt that our artist will be accused of exaggerating the proportions and dire effects of the prodigious fans in which ladies delight this season. But as truthful chroniclers of the time, we give a faithful picture of the fan of the period, and enter an earnest even though ineffectual protest against it.



THE FASHIONABLE FAN.



PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WATKINS, SAN FRANCISCO.]

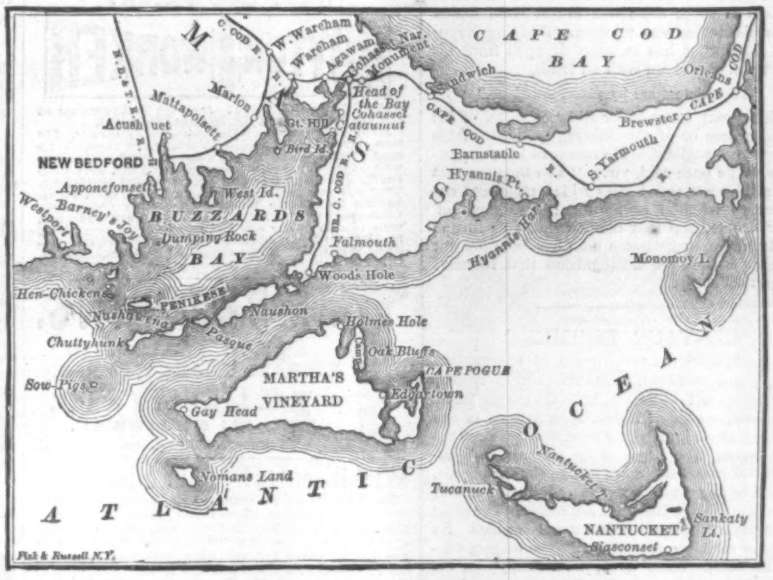


JOHN ANDERSON.

PENIKESE ISLAND.

THE Anderson School of Natural History on Penikese Island was opened a few weeks ago, when about forty students, sixteen of whom were young ladies, took formal possession of the little territory, where they are to pursue their investigations under a system of training which will tend to make them original and independent observers. In his opening address Professor AGASSIZ stated that here a new direction was to be given to public education. The grand object at this school is the study of nature, and he hopes to lead his pupils so that they will learn to observe and investigate for themselves. Nature itself will be the text-book. "There is one thing about which I am certain," said the professor, "that we do not begin our task by reading, by using any report of others concerning the objects to which we will turn our attention. We are, I suppose, all intelligent enough to open our eyes and look upon nature for ourselves, and we will try to make nature as it surrounds us its own text-book. If I can I will try to make you investigators, to teach you to find out what you want to know for yourselves, that you may be able to do the same thing in other places where you may have no guide."

In accordance with this plan of independent investigation, the students are directed neither to read nor ask questions, but constantly and faithfully to study, observe, and find out for themselves. To enable them to do this they are furnished with every necessary appliance in the way of aquaria, microscopes, and scientific implements. As an illustration of his system the professor mentioned the case of a student who wanted to become a naturalist. AGASSIZ handed him a piece of worn coral, and gave him a fortnight to find out something about it. The student confessed afterward that never in his life had he been so taxed as with that piece of coral, worn so that it showed nothing to his eye. He could make nothing of it. Once the professor saw him almost in despair, and said to him, "Why don't you break it and look for something on the inside?" That was the first intimation that led him to the real mode of looking at it. From that time he made progress, and he is now a very keen investigator. As a variation from the study of the aquaria, the students have a beautiful yacht, the gift of a liberal gentleman, with which they can go into deep water for the purpose of dredging and becoming acquainted with the inhabitants of the sea.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C. COD R.
N. B. & T. R. R.
W. Wareham
Wareham
Agawam
Cohasset Nar.
Monument
Marion
Mattapoisett
Acushnet
Head of the Bay
Cohasset
Cataumut
Gt. Hill
Bird Id.
NEW BEDFORD
Apponefonset
Westport
Barney's Joy
West Id.
BUZZARDS
BAY
Dumping Rock
BR. C. COD R. R.
Falmouth
Woods Hole
Hen-Chickens
PENIKESE
Nushawena
Naushon
Pasque
Chuttyhunk
Sow-Pigs
Holmes Hole
Camp
Oak Bluffs
CAPE POGUE
Edgartown
MARTHA'S VINEYARD
Gay Head
Nomans Land
CAPE COD BAY
Sandwich
CAPE COD R. R.
Barnstable
Hyannis Pt.
Hyannis Har.
S. Yarmouth
Brewster
Orleans
CAPE COD
Monomoy I.
ATLANTIC
OCEAN
Nantucket
Tucanuck
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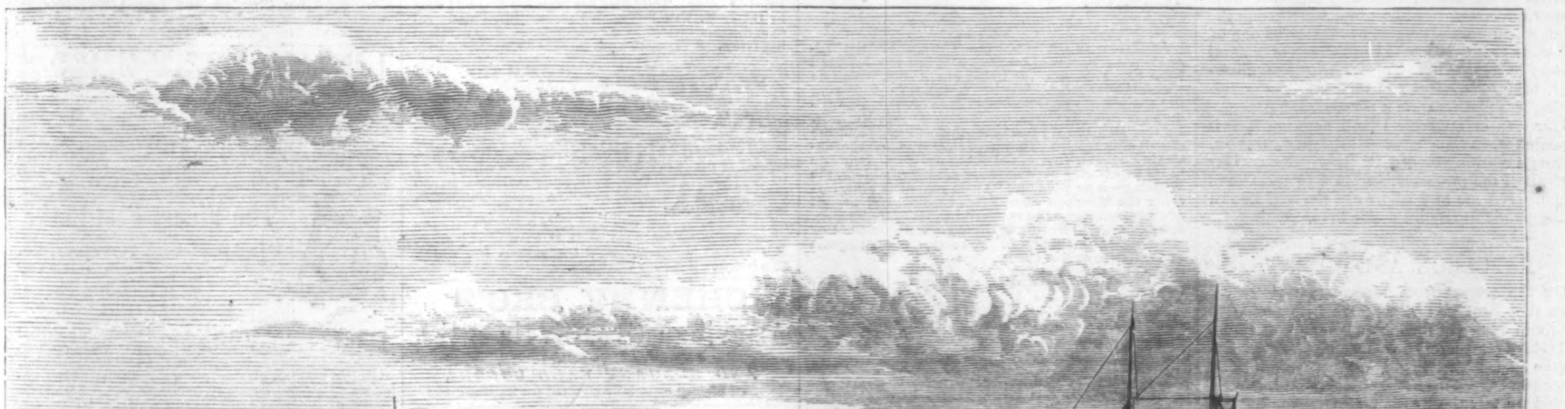
PENIKESE ISLAND AND ITS VICINITY.

Professor AGASSIZ proposes to limit his own instructions chiefly to advising the students in regard to the best way in which to employ their time. They will also receive guidance and practical instruction from the following eminent scientists: Dr. BURT G. WILDER, of Cornell; Dr. A. S. PACKARD, of Peabody Academy of Science, Salem; Count POURTALÈS, of the Coast Survey; Professor WATERHOUSE HAWKINS, of England; PAULUS ROETTER, artist of the mu-



PENIKESE ISLAND—THE ANDERSON SCHOOL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

seum at Cambridge; Professor Mitchell, of the Coast Survey; Professor Joseph S. Lovering, of Harvard University; Professor F. W. Putnam, of Peabody Academy of Science, Salem; Professor N. S. Shaler, of Harvard, who was the first proposer of this scheme, and who is at present in Europe; Professor Arnold Guyot, of Princeton, New Jersey; Professor Brown-Sequard.

Professor Agassiz determined at the outset to avoid the mistake so often made of crowding a large number of students into one building, and intrusting the growth of mental development to a few teachers; and though he is to have the assistance of many scientific friends in this enterprise, he has wisely limited the number of students to fifty. The question whether ladies should be admitted he at once determined for himself, without waiting to ask advice. "In my own mind," he said, "I had no hesitation from the start."

The school buildings on the island are to be two in number, of which one is finished and occupied. It is a plain wooden structure, of which the first floor is designed for a laboratory, where will be found all the appliances necessary for scientific work. The upper story is for dormitories.

Mr. John Anderson, to whose liberality science is indebted for this admirable school, is a gentleman well known in New York for business sagacity, enterprise, and liberality. He was born in this city in 1812. He came of Scotch and Irish ancestry—a mixture which generally thrives well in most quarters of the world. After a double apprenticeship—one as a boy in the Lorillard tobacco factories, and a second as the pupil of Stacy Pitcher, the old builder who put up so many acres of buildings around Hanover Square and Bowling Green—he started out for himself, as a young man, for New Orleans and Texas to build new cities. The West had not been discovered in those days. Headed off by pestilence in the South, he fell back upon his native city and his original trade in tobacco, and is well remembered at his first head-quarters, near the City Hospital on Broadway, where he maintained the first separate cigar store, that sort of business having always been conducted previously by the corner grocer or liquor dealer. His place became very noted by means of his establishing in connection with it the first news stand in the city on the end of his counter. The great dailies had not yet started, and the weekly literary press, especially the Sunday papers, made the staple of his supplies, which he sold without commission, and so secured as much puffing for himself as for his cigars. His place was a noted resort of Park Benjamin, Morris and Willis, and all the actors and artists and sporting men, as well as the literary lights of that day. In due time he set up his own factories, and became, by energy and enterprise, one of the most eminent tobacconists of the country.

The little island of Penikese, as will be seen by reference to our map on the preceding page, lies in Buzzard's Bay, directly south of New Bedford. It was a sort of private stronghold to which Mr. Anderson was accustomed to retreat during the reign of the notorious "Ring," to find solace and rest from the machinations of the wicked politicians with whom he was at constant variance. On the return of peace, upon the overthrow of Tweed and his clique, Mr. Anderson made a gift of his island retreat to Professor Agassiz, accompanying the present with a substantial amount of material aid in the shape of Central Park bonds. Other gentlemen have since contributed liberally toward increasing the fund, so that the school will probably be one of the most richly endowed institutions of natural history in the world. To Mr. Anderson, however, belongs the honor of initiating the undertaking and placing it on a permanent basis.

Our view of Penikese Island, showing it as it appeared when transferred to Professor Agassiz, is from a painting by Mr. C. H. Gifford. Our portrait of the professor is from a recent photograph. His life and labors are too well known to the public to require notice here.

NAPOLEON AND MURAT.

On the retreat from Moscow we verily believe that Napoleon was wrong in listening to the timid advice of the commander of the Imperial Guard (Bessières), instead of instantly adopting the bold suggestion of the brave Murat. The latter officer with his usual boldness said, "Why should we fear the Russians? Give me but the remains of the cavalry and that of the Imperial Guard, and I will plunge into their forests, and open the road to Kalouga at the sword's point." Why did Napoleon not adopt the advice of Murat? Simply because he believed him to be "an imbecile without judgment, when left to himself, although a Paladin in the field." A sad mistake was made here; the mind of Murat produced on this occasion a sensible notion. Napoleon made no allowances, he never qualified his assertions. He despised Murat as regards his mental attainments, but deeply respected him for his bravery. In this instance he did not treat Murat as a man, but as a miserable idiot. A man can not always be wrong; he must be right sometimes. The man who knew the proper time to head a charge, and who could carry it into execution with the best results, was certainly no fool. The danger of despising men too far has been the cause of much disaster. By taking the Kalouga route Napoleon would, of course, have had to face the Russians; but by adopting the Smolensko line he had to traverse a wasted country, with no hope of procuring any supplies, and, what was of more importance, he placed his brave soldiers with their backs to the Russians. The moral effect of this was enough to crush such men. Besides this, he was pursued by an enemy who had never felt the shock of so many thousand desperate men at bay, making a dash to open up the way to retreat.

We have further reason to be certain that Murat's was the soundest advice from the fact that, as soon as Napoleon began to retire *via* Smolensko, Kutusoff became so apprehensive that he fell back in the direction of Kalouga, and actually gave up the strong position he previously held, his possession of which was the sole argument against Murat's proposal. Thus two great armies were then retreating from each other! On comparing dates, we find that it was on October 25, 1812, Napoleon decided on retiring *via* Smolensko to avoid the Russians who were on the Kalouga line. He dreaded, though with, comparatively speaking, a large army, to attempt to force his passage that way; yet after marching till November 25, a full month later, and fighting a battle every day, when his soldiers had become but a mere foot-sore, starved, and dispirited rabble, he did not hesitate to force the Beresina, so as to make himself master of the defiles leading to Zembin. On December 10, when Napoleon reached Warsaw, he said, boastfully, "I have always beaten the Russians; they never venture to stand against me." Again, he remarked (alluding to the passage of the Beresina), "Their position was superb, but what then? I got through them all. It is then you see who have strong minds. I have often been harder pushed before. At Marengo I was beaten at six o'clock at night; next day I was master of all Italy." Why did not that truly great commander recollect all this at that critical time when Murat volunteered to cut his way through and open the Kalouga route? Success would have given him a passage through a rich country, and he would have avoided the disastrous retreat by Smolensko, which ended in the remnant of a splendid army numbering 500,000 superb soldiers being chased out of the Russian territories by a mere detachment of cavalry. The general who forced the Beresina with a mere rabble might have opened out any route with such soldiers as those the noble Murat commanded when his advice was rejected. Judging Napoleon from what has so often dropped from his lips, we may exclaim with all truth,

> "Even victors are by *victories* undone."

That great commander did not think of his own prowess or of the fighting qualities of his magnificent soldiers. He seems to have forgotten what he once said, viz.: "You thus see that two armies are two bodies which meet and endeavor to frighten each other; a moment of panic occurs, and that moment must be turned to advantage, and when a man has been present in many actions he distinguishes that moment without difficulty."

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ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		50,000
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30 CASH GIFTS	5,000 each	150,000
50 CASH GIFTS	1,000 each	50,000
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100 CASH GIFTS	400 each	40,000
150 CASH GIFTS	300 each	45,000
250 CASH GIFTS	200 each	50,000
325 CASH GIFTS	100 each	32,500
11,000 CASH GIFTS	50 each	550,000

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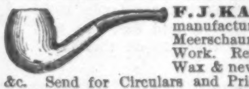

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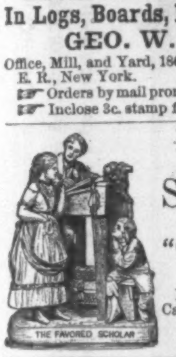

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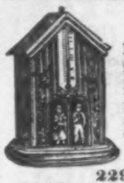

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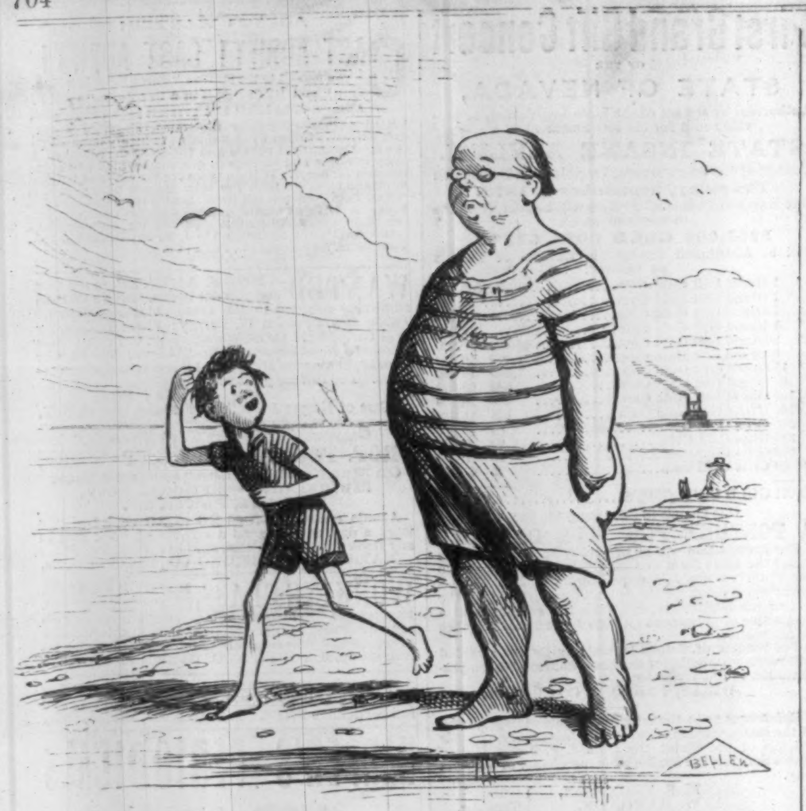

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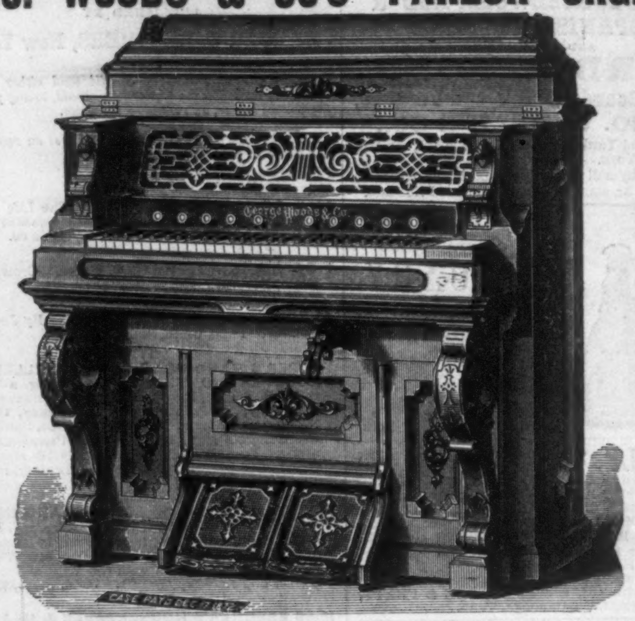

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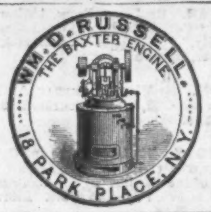
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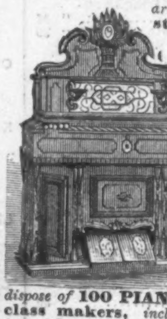

are the **most beautiful** *in* **style** *and* **perfect** *in* **tone ever made.** *The* **CONCERTO STOP** *is the* **best ever placed in any Organ.** *It is produced by a third set of reeds* **peculiarly voiced,** *the* **EFFECT** *of which is* **MOST CHARMING** *and* **SOUL STIRRING,** *while its* **IMITATION** *of the* **HUMAN VOICE** *is* **SUPERB.** *Terms liberal.*

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PHINEAS REDUX.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF “LADY ANNA,” “HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT,” “ORLEY FARM,”
“PHINEAS FINN,” “THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON,”
“CAN YOU FORGIVE HER?” Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER I.

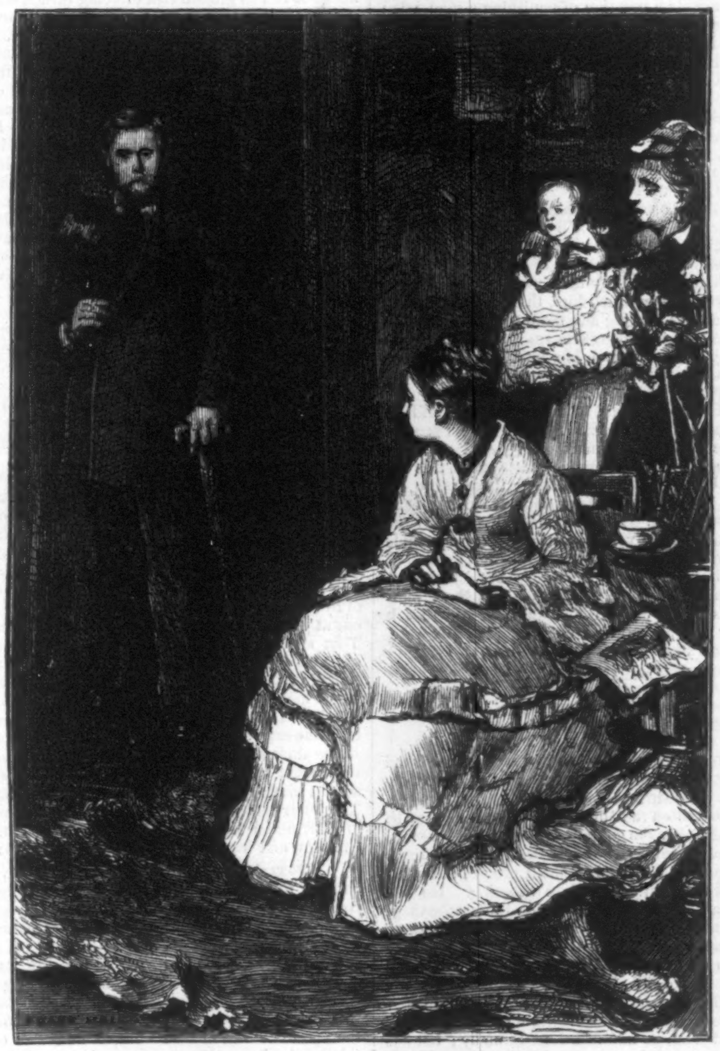
TEMPTATION.

The circumstances of the general election of 18— will be well remembered by all those who take an interest in the political matters of the country. There had been a coming in and a going out of Ministers previous to that—somewhat rapid, very exciting, and, upon the whole, useful as showing the real feeling of the country upon sundry questions of public interest. Mr. Gresham had been Prime Minister of England, as representative of the Liberal party in politics. There had come to be a split among those who should have been his followers on the terribly vexed question of the Ballot. Then Mr. Daubeny for twelve months had sat upon the throne distributing the good things of the Crown amidst Conservative birdlings, with beaks wide open and craving maws, who certainly for some years previous had not received their share of State honors or State emoluments. And Mr. Daubeny was still so sitting, to the infinite dismay of the Liberals, every man of whom felt that his party was entitled by numerical strength to keep the management of the Government within its own hands.

Let a man be of what side he may in politics—unless he be much more of a partisan than a patriot—he will think it well that there should be some equity of division in the bestowal of crumbs of comfort. Can even any old Whig wish that every Lord-Lieutenant of a county should be an old Whig? Can it be good for the administration of the law that none but Liberal lawyers should become Attorney-Generals, and from thence Chief Justices or Lords of Appeal? Should no Conservative Peer ever represent the majesty of England in India, in Canada, or at St. Petersburg? So arguing, moderate Liberals had been glad to give Mr. Daubeny and his merry men a chance. Mr. Daubeny and his merry men had not neglected the chance given them. Fortune favored them, and they made their hay while the sun shone with an energy that had never been surpassed, improving upon Fortune till their natural enemies waxed impatient. There had been as yet but one year of it, and the natural enemies, who had at first expressed themselves as glad that the turn had come, might have endured the period of spoliation with more equanimity. For to them, the Liberals, this cutting up of the Whitehall cake by the Conservatives was spoliation when the privilege of cutting was found to have so much exceeded what had been expected. Were not they, the Liberals, the real representatives of the people, and, therefore, did not the cake in truth appertain to them? Had not they given up the cake for a while, partly, indeed, through idleness and mismanagement, and quarreling among themselves, but mainly with a feeling that a moderate slicing on the other side would, upon the whole, be advantageous? But when the cake came to be mauled like that—O heavens! So the men who had quarreled agreed to quarrel no more, and it was decided that there should be an end of mismanagement and idleness, and that this horrid sight of the weak pretending to be strong, or the weak receiving the reward of strength, should be brought to an end. Then came a great fight, in the last agonies of which the cake was sliced manfully. All the world knew how the fight would go; but in the mean time lord-lieutenancies were arranged; very ancient judges retired upon pensions; vice-royal Governors were sent out in the last gasp of the failing battle; great places were filled by tens, and little places by twenties; private secretaries were established here and there; and the hay was still made even after the sun had gone down.

In consequence of all this the circumstances of the election of 18— were peculiar. Mr. Daubeny had dissolved the House, not probably with any idea that he could thus retrieve his fortunes, but feeling that in doing so he was occupying the last normal position of a properly fought Constitutional battle. His enemies were resolved, more firmly than they were resolved before, to knock him altogether on the head at the general election which he had himself called into existence. He had been disgracefully outvoted in the House of Commons on various subjects. On the last occasion he had gone into his lobby with a minority of thirty-seven, upon a motion brought forward by Mr. Palliser, the late Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer, respecting decimal coinage. No politician, not even Mr. Palliser himself, had expected that he would carry his Bill in the present session. It was brought forward as a trial of strength; and for such a purpose decimal coinage was as good a subject as any other. It was Mr. Palliser's hobby, and he was gratified at having this further opportunity of ventilating it. When in power he had not succeeded in carrying his measure, awed, and at last absolutely beaten, by the infinite difficulty encountered in arranging its details. But his mind was still set upon it, and it was allowed by the whole party to be as good as any thing else for the purpose then required. The Conservative Government was beaten for the third or fourth time, and Mr. Daubeny dissolved the House.

The whole world said that he might as well have resigned at once. It was already the end of July, and there must be an autumn Session with the new members. It was known to be impossible that he should find himself supported by a majority after a fresh election. He had been treated with manifest forbearance; the cake had been left in his hands for twelve months; the House was barely two years old; he had no “cry” with which to meet the country; the dissolution was factious, dishonest, and unconstitutional. So said all the Liberals, and it was deduced also that the Conservatives were in their hearts as angry as were their opponents. What was to be gained but the poor interval of three months? There were clever men who suggested that Mr. Daubeny had a scheme in his head—some sharp trick of political conjuring, some “hocus-pocus presto” sleight of hand, by which he might be able to retain power, let the elections go as they would. But, if so, he certainly did not make his scheme known to his own party.



“I SHOW BABY, AND OSWALD SHOWS THE HOUNDS.”

He had no cry with which to meet the country, nor, indeed, had the leaders of the Opposition. Retrenchment, army reform, navy excellence, Mr. Palliser's decimal coinage, and general good government gave to all the old-Whig moderate Liberals plenty of matter for speeches to their future constituents. Those who were more advanced could promise the Ballot, and suggest the disestablishment of the Church. But the Government of the day was to be turned out on the score of general incompetence. They were to be made to go, because they could not command majorities. But there ought to have been no dissolution, and Mr. Daubeny was regarded by his opponents, and indeed by very many of his followers also, with an enmity that was almost ferocious. A seat in Parliament, if it be for five or six years, is a blessing; but the blessing becomes very questionable if it have to be sought afresh every other Session.

One thing was manifest to thoughtful, working, eager political Liberals. They must have not only a majority in the next Parliament, but a majority of good men—of men good and true. There must be no more mismanagement; no more quarreling; no more idleness. Was it to be borne that an unprincipled so-called Conservative Prime Minister should go on slicing the cake after such a fashion as that lately adopted? Old bishops had even talked of resigning, and Knights of the Garter had seemed to die on purpose. So there was a great stir at the Liberal political clubs, and every good and true man was summoned to the battle.

Now no Liberal soldier, as a young soldier, had been known to be more good and true than Mr. Finn, the Irishman, who had held office two years ago to the satisfaction of all his friends, and who had retired from office because he had found himself compelled to support a measure which had since been carried by those very men from whom he had been obliged on this account to divide himself. It had always been felt by his old friends that he had been, if not ill used, at least very unfortunate. He had been twelve months in advance of his party, and had consequently been driven out into the cold. So when the names of good men and true were mustered and weighed and dismissed and scrutinized by some active members of the Liberal party in a certain very private room not far removed from our great seat of Parliamentary warfare, and when the capabilities and expediencies and possibilities were tossed to and fro among these active members, it came to pass that the name of Mr. Finn was mentioned more than once. Mr. Phineas Finn was the gentleman's name, which statement may be necessary to explain the term of endearment which was occasionally used in speaking of him.

“He has got some permanent place,” said Mr. Ratler, who was living on the well-founded hope of being a Treasury Secretary under the new dispensation; “and of course he won't leave it.”

It must be acknowledged that Mr. Ratler, than whom no judge in such matters possessed more experience, had always been afraid of Phineas Finn.

“He'll lave it fast enough, if you'll make it worth his while,” said the Honorable Laurence Fitzgibbon, who also had his expectations.

“But he married when he went away, and he can't afford it,” said Mr. Bonteen, another keen expectant.

“Devil a bit,” said the Honorable Laurence; “or, anyways, the poor thing died of her first baby before it was born. Phinny hasn't an impidiment, no more than I have.”

“He's the best Irishman we ever got hold of,” said Barrington Erle—“present company always excepted, Laurence.”

“Bedad, you needn't except me, Barrington. I know what a man's made of, and what a man can do. And I know what he can't do. I'm not bad at the outside skirmishing. I'm worth me salt. I say that with a just reliance on me own powers. But Phinny is a different sort of man. Phinny can stick to a desk from twelve to seven, and wish to come back again after dinner. He's had money left him, too, and 'd like to spend some of it on an English borough.”

“You never can quite trust him,” said Bonteen. Now Mr. Bonteen had never loved Mr. Finn.

“At any rate we'll try him again,” said Barrington Erle, making a little note to that effect. And they did try him again.

Phineas Finn, when last seen by the public, was departing from Parliamentary life in London to the enjoyment of a modest place under Government in his own country, with something of a shattered ambition. After various turmoils he had achieved a competency, and had married the girl of his heart. But now his wife was dead, and he was again alone in the world. One of his friends had declared that money had been left to him. That was true, but the money had not been much. Phineas Finn had lost his father as well as his wife, and had inherited about four thousand pounds. He was not at this time much over thirty; and it must be acknowledged in regard to him that, since the day on which he had accepted place and retired from London, his very soul sighed for the lost glories of Westminster and Downing Street.

There are certain modes of life which, if once adopted, make contentment in any other circumstances almost an impossibility. In old age a man may retire without repining, though it is often beyond the power even of the old man to do so; but in youth, with all the faculties still perfect, with the body still strong, with the hopes still buoyant, such a change as that which had been made by Phineas Finn was more than he, or than most men, could bear with equanimity. He had reveled in the gas-light, and could not lie quiet on a sunny bank. To the palate accustomed to high cookery, bread and milk is almost painfully insipid. When Phineas Finn found himself discharging in Dublin the routine duties of his office—as to which there was no public comment, no feeling that such duties were done in the face of the country—he became sick at heart and discontented. Like the war-horse out at grass, he remembered the sound of the battle and the noise of trumpets. After five years spent in the heat and full excitement of London society, life in Ireland was tame to him, and cold and dull. He did not analyze the difference between metropolitan and quasi-metropolitan manners; but he found that men and women in Dublin were different from those to whom he had been accustomed in London. He had lived among lords and the sons and daughters of lords; and though the official secretaries and assistant commissioners among whom his lot now threw him were for the most part clever fellows, fond of society, and perhaps more than his equals in the kind of conversation which he found to be prevalent, still they were not the same as the men he had left behind him—men alive with the excitement of Parliamentary life in London. When in London he had often told himself that he was sick of it, and that he would better love some country quiet life. Now Dublin was his Tibur, and the fickle one found that he could not be happy unless he were back again at Rome. When, therefore, he received the following letter from his friend, Barrington Erle, he neighed like the old war-horse, and already found himself shouting “Ha! ha!” among the trumpets.

“—— Street, *July* 9, 18—.

“My dear Finn,—Although you are not now immediately concerned in such trifling matters, you have no doubt heard that we are all to be sent aback at once to our constituents, and that there will be a general election about the end of September. We are sure that we shall have such a majority as we never had before; but we are determined to make it as strong as possible, and to get in all the good men that are to be had. Have you a mind to try again? After all, there is nothing like it.

“Perhaps you may have some Irish seat in your eye for which you would be safe. To tell the truth, we know very little of the Irish seats—not so much as, I think, we ought to do. But if you are not so lucky, I would suggest Tankerville, in Durham. Of course there would be a contest, and a little money will be wanted; but the money would not be much. Browborough has sat for the place now for three Parliaments, and seems to think it all his own. I am told that nothing could be easier than to turn him out. You will remember the man—a great, hulking, heavy, speechless fellow, who always used to sit just over Lord Macaw's shoulder. I have made inquiry, and I am told that he must walk if any body would go down who could talk to the colliers every night for a week or so. It would just be the work for you. Of course you should have all the assistance we could give you, and Molescroft would put you into the hands of an agent who wouldn't spend money for you. £500 would do it all.

“I am very sorry to hear of your great loss, as also was Lady Laura, who, as you are aware, is still abroad with her father. We have all thought that the loneliness of your present life might perhaps make you willing to come back among us. I write instead of Ratler, because I am helping him in the Northern Counties. But you will understand all about that.

“Yours, ever faithfully,
“Barrington Erle.

“Of course Tankerville has been dirty. Browborough has spent a fortune there. But I do not think that that need dishearten you. You will go there with clean hands. It must be understood that there shall not be as much as a glass of beer. I am told that the fellows won't vote for Browborough unless he spends money, and I fancy he will be afraid to do it heavily after all that has come and gone. If he does, you'll have him out on a petition. Let us have an answer as soon as possible.”

He at once resolved that he would go over and see; but before he replied to Erle's letter he walked half a dozen times the length of the pier at Kingston meditating on his answer. He had no one belonging to him. He had been deprived of his young bride, and left desolate. He could ruin no one but himself. Where could there be a man in all the world who had a more perfect right to play a trick with his own prospects? If he threw up his place and spent all his money, who could blame him? Nevertheless, he did tell himself that, when he should have thrown up his place and spent all his money, there would remain to him his own self to be disposed of in a manner that might be very awkward to him. A man owes it to his country, to his friends, even to his acquaintance, that he shall not be known to be going about wanting a dinner, with never a coin in his pocket. It is very well for a man to boast that he is lord of himself, and that having no ties he may do as he pleases with that possession. But it is a possession of which, unfortunately, he can not rid himself when he finds that there is nothing advantageous to be done with it. Doubtless there is a way of riddance. There is the bare bodkin. Or a man may fall overboard between Holyhead and Kingston in the dark, and may do it in such a cunning fashion that his friends shall think it was an accident. But against these modes of riddance there is a canon set which some men still fear to disobey.

The thing that he was asked to do was perilous. Standing in his present niche of vantage he was at least safe. And added to his safety there were material comforts. He had more than enough for his wants. His work was light; he lived among men and women with whom he was popular. The very fact of his past Parliamentary life had caused him to be regarded as a man of some note among the notables of the Irish capital. Lord-Lieutenants were gracious to him, and the wives of judges smiled upon him at their tables. He was encouraged to talk of those wars of the gods at which he had been present, and was so treated as to make him feel that he was somebody in the world of Dublin. Now he was invited to give all this up; and for what?

He answered that question to himself with enthusiastic eloquence. The reward offered to him was the thing which in all the world he liked best. It was suggested to him that he should again have within his reach that Parliamentary renown which had once been the very breath of his nostrils. We all know those arguments and quotations antagonistic to prudence with which a man fortifies himself in rashness. "None but the brave deserve the fair;" "Where there's a will there's a way;" "Nothing venture, nothing have;" "The sword is to him who can use it;" "Fortune favors the bold." But on the other side there is just as much to be said. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush;" "Look before you leap;" "Thrust not out your hand further than you can draw it back again." All which maxims of life Phineas Finn revolved within his own heart, if not carefully, at least frequently, as he walked up and down the long pier of Kingston Harbor.

But what matters such revolvings? A man placed as was our Phineas always does that which most pleases him at the moment, being but poor at argument if he can not carry the weight to that side which best satisfies his own feelings. Had not his success been very great when he before made the attempt? Was he not well aware at every moment of his life that, after having so thoroughly learned his lesson in London, he was throwing away his hours amidst his present pursuits in Dublin? Did he not owe himself to his country? And then, again, what might not London do for him? Men who had begun as he began had lived to rule over Cabinets and to sway the Empire. He had been happy for a short twelvemonth with his young bride—for a short twelvemonth—and then she had been taken from him. Had she been spared to him he would never have longed for more than Fate had given him. He would never have sighed again for the glories of Westminster had his Mary not gone from him. Now he was alone in the world; and though he could look forward to possible and not improbable events which would make that future disposition of himself a most difficult question for him, still he would dare to try.

As the first result of Erle's letter Phineas was over in London early in August. If he went on with this matter, he must, of course, resign the office for holding which he was now paid a thousand a year. He could retain that as long as he chose to earn the money, but the earning of it would not be compatible with a seat in Parliament. He had a few thousand pounds with which he could pay for the contest at Tankerville, for the consequent petition which had been so generously suggested to him, and maintain himself in London for a session or two should he be so fortunate as to carry his election. Then he would be penniless, with the world before him as a closed oyster to be again opened, and he knew—no one better—that this oyster becomes harder and harder in the opening as the man who has to open it becomes older. It is an oyster that will close to again with a snap, after you have got your knife well into it, if you withdraw your point but for a moment. He had had a rough tussle with the oyster already, and had reached the fish within the shell. Nevertheless, the oyster which he had got was not the oyster which he wanted. So he told himself now, and here had come to him the chance of trying again.

Early in August he went over to England, saw Mr. Molescroft, and made his first visit to Tankerville. He did not like the look of Tankerville; but nevertheless he resigned his place before the month was over. That was the one great step, or rather the leap in the dark—and that he took. Things had been so arranged that the election at Tankerville was to take place on the 20th of October. When the dissolution had been notified to all the world by Mr. Daubeny an earlier day was suggested; but Mr. Daubeny saw reasons for postponing it for a fortnight. Mr. Daubeny's enemies were again very ferocious. It was all a trick. Mr. Daubeny had no right to continue Prime Minister a day after the decided expression of opinion as to unfitness which had been pronounced by the House of Commons. Men were waxing very wroth. Nevertheless, so much power remained in Mr. Daubeny's hand, and the election was delayed. That for Tankerville would not be held till the 20th of October. The whole House could not be chosen till the end of the month—hardly by that time—and yet there was to be an autumn Session. The Ratlers and Bonteens were at any rate clear about the autumn Session. It was absolutely impossible that Mr. Daubeny should be allowed to remain in power over Christmas, and up to February.

Mr. Molescroft, whom Phineas saw in London, was not a comfortable counselor. "So you are going down to Tankerville?" he said.

"They seem to think I might as well try."

"Quite right—quite right. Somebody ought to try it, no doubt. It would be a disgrace to the whole party if Browborough were allowed to walk over. There isn't a borough in England more sure to return a Liberal than Tankerville if left to itself. And yet that lump of a legislator has sat there as a Tory for the last dozen years by dint of money and brass."

"You think we can unseat him?"

"I don't say that. He hasn't come to the end of his money, and as to his brass, that is positively without end."

"But surely he'll have some fear of consequences after what has been done?"

"None in the least. What has been done? Can you name a single Parliamentary aspirant who has been made to suffer?"

"They have suffered in character," said Phineas. "I should not like to have the things said of me that have been said of them."

"I don't know a man of them who stands in a worse position among his own friends than he occupied before. And men of that sort don't want a good position among their enemies. They know they're safe. When the seat is in dispute every body is savage enough; but when it is merely a question of punishing a man, what is the use of being savage? Who knows whose turn it may be next?"

"He'll play the old game, then?"

"Of course he'll play the old game," said Mr. Molescroft. "He doesn't know any other game. All the purists in England wouldn't teach him to think that a poor man ought not to sell his vote, and that a rich man oughtn't to buy it. You mean to go in for purity?"

"Certainly I do."

"Browborough will think just as badly of you as you will of him. He'll hate you because he'll think you are trying to rob him of what he has honestly bought; but he'll hate you quite as much because you try to rob the borough. He'd tell you, if you asked him, that he doesn't want his seat for nothing any more than he wants his house or his carriage-horses for nothing. To him you'll be a mean, low interloper. But you won't care about that."

"Not in the least, if I can get the seat."

"But I'm afraid you won't. He will be elected. You'll petition. He'll lose his seat. There will be a commission. And then the borough will be disfranchised. It's a fine career, but expensive; and then there is no reward beyond the self-satisfaction arising from a good action. However, Ruddles will do the best he can for you, and it certainly is possible that you may creep through."

This was very disheartening, but Barrington Erle assured our hero that such was Mr. Molescroft's usual way with candidates, and that it really meant little or nothing. At any rate, Phineas Finn was pledged to stand.

CHAPTER II.

HARRINGTON HALL.

Phineas, on his first arrival in London, found a few of his old friends, men who were still delayed by business though the Session was over. He arrived on the 10th of August, which may be considered as the great day of the annual exodus, and he remembered how he, too, in former times had gone to Scotland to shoot grouse, and what he had done there besides shooting. He had been a welcome guest at Lough Linter, the magnificent seat of Mr. Kennedy, and, indeed, there had been that between him and Mr. Kennedy which ought to make him a welcome guest there still. But of Mr. Kennedy he had heard nothing directly since he had left London. From Mr. Kennedy's wife, Lady Laura, who had been his great friend, he had heard occasionally; but she was separated from her husband, and was living abroad with her father, the Earl of Brentford. Has it not been written in a former book how this Lady Laura had been unhappy in her marriage, having wedded herself to a man whom she had never loved, because he was rich and powerful, and how this very Phineas had asked her to be his bride after she had accepted the rich man's hand? Thence had come great trouble, but nevertheless there had been that between Mr. Kennedy and our hero which made Phineas feel that he ought still to be welcomed as a guest should he show himself at the door of Lough Linter Castle. The idea came upon him simply because he found that almost every man for whom he inquired had just started, or was just starting, for the North; and he would have liked to go where others went. He asked a few questions as to Mr. Kennedy from Barrington Erle and others who had known him, and was told that the man now lived quite alone. He still kept his seat in Parliament, but had hardly appeared during the last Session, and it was thought that he would not come forward again. Of his life in the country nothing was known. "No one fishes his rivers or shoots his moors, as far as I can learn," said Barrington Erle. "I suppose he looks after the sheep and says his prayers, and keeps his money together."

"And there has been no attempt at a reconciliation?" Phineas asked.

"She went abroad to escape his attempts, and remains there in order that she may be safe. Of all hatreds that the world produces a wife's hatred for her husband, when she does hate him, is the strongest."

In September Finn was back in Ireland, and about the end of that month he made his second visit to Tankerville. He remained there for three or four days, and was terribly disgusted, while staying at the "Yellow" inn, to find that the people of the town would treat him as though he were rolling in wealth. He was soon tired of Tankerville, and as he could do nothing further, on the spot, till the time for canvassing should come on, about ten days previous to the election, he returned to London, somewhat at a loss to know how to bestir himself. But in London he received a letter from another old friend, which decided him:

"My dear Mr. Finn," said the letter, "of course you know that Oswald is now master of the Brake hounds. Upon my word, I think it is the place in the world for which he is most fit. He is a great martinet in the field, and works at it as though it were for his bread. We have been here looking after the kennels and getting up the horses since the beginning of August, and have been cub-hunting ever so long. Oswald wants to know whether you won't come down to him till the election begins in earnest.

"We were so glad to hear that you were going to appear again. I have always known that it would be so. I have told Oswald scores of times that I was sure you would never be happy out of Parliament, and that your real home must be somewhere near the Treasury Chambers. You can't alter a man's nature. Oswald was born to be a master of hounds, and you were born to be a Secretary of State. He works the hardest and gets the least pay for it; but then, as he says, he does not run so great a risk of being turned out.

"We haven't much of a house, but we have plenty of room for you. As for the house, it was a matter of course, whether good or bad. It goes with the kennels, and I should as little think of having a choice as though I were one of the horses. We have very good stables, and such a stud! I can't tell you how many there are. In October it seems as though their name were legion. In March there is never any thing for any body to ride on. I generally find then that mine are taken for the whips. Do come and take advantage of the flush. I can't tell you how glad we shall be to see you. Oswald ought to have written himself, but he says— I won't tell you what he says. We shall take no refusal. You can have nothing to do before you are wanted at Tankerville.

"I was so sorry to hear of your great loss. I hardly know whether to mention it or to be silent in writing. If you were here, of course I should speak of her. And I would rather renew your grief for a time than allow you to think that I am indifferent. Pray come to us.

"Yours ever most sincerely,
"Violet Chiltern.

"Harrington Hall, *Wednesday*."

Phineas Finn at once made up his mind that he would go to Harrington Hall. There was the prospect in this of an immediate return to some of the most charming pleasures of the old life, which was very grateful to him. It pleased him much that he should have been so thought of by this lady—that she should have sought him out at once, at the moment of his reappearance. That she would have remembered him he was quite sure, and that her husband, Lord Chiltern, should remember him also was beyond a doubt. There had been passages in their first lives which people can not forget. But it might so well have been the case that they should not have cared to renew their acquaintance with him. As it was, they must have made close inquiry, and had sought him at the first day of his reappearance. The letter had reached him through the hands of Barrington Erle, who was a cousin of Lord Chiltern, and was at once answered as follows:

"Fowler's Hotel, Jermyn Street, *October* 1.

"My dear Lady Chiltern,—I can not tell you how much pleasure the very sight of your handwriting gave me. Yes, here I am again, trying my head at the old game. They say that you can never cure a gambler or a politician; and though I had very much to make me happy till that great blow came upon me, I believe that it is so. I am uneasy till I can see once more the Speaker's wig, and hear bitter things said of this 'right honorable gentleman,' and of that noble friend. I want to be once more in the midst of it; and as I have been left singularly desolate in the world, without a tie by which I am bound to aught but an honorable mode of living, I have determined to run the risk, and have thrown up the place which I held under Government. I am to stand for Tankerville, as you have heard, and I am told by those to whose tender mercies I have been confided by B. E. that I have not a chance of success.

"Your invitation is so tempting that I can not refuse it. As you say, I have nothing to do till the play begins. I have issued my address, and must leave my name and my fame to be discussed by the Tankervillians till I make my appearance among them on the 10th of this month. Of course I had heard that Chiltern has the Brake, and I have heard also that he is doing it uncommonly well. Tell him that I have hardly seen a hound since the memorable day on which I pulled him out from under his horse in the brook at Wissindine. I don't know whether I can ride a yard now. I will get to you on the 4th, and will remain, if you will keep me, till the 9th. If Chiltern can put me up on any thing a little quieter than Bonebreaker, I'll go out steadily, and see how he does his cubbing. I may, perhaps, be justified in opining that Bonebreaker has before this left the establishment. If so, I may perhaps find myself up to a little very light work.

"Remember me very kindly to him. Does he make a good nurse with the baby?

"Yours, always faithfully,
"Phineas Finn.

"I can not tell you with what pleasure I look forward to seeing you both again."

The next few days went very heavily with him. There had, indeed, been no real reason why he should not have gone to Harrington Hall at once, except that he did not wish to seem to be utterly homeless. And yet were he there, with his old friends, he would not scruple for a moment in owning that such was the case. He had fixed his day, however, and did remain in London till the 4th. Barrington Erle and Mr. Ratler he saw occasionally, for they were kept in town on the affairs of the election. The one was generally full of hope; but the other was no better than a Job's comforter. "I wouldn't advise you to expect too much at Tankerville, you know," said Mr. Ratler.

"By no means," said Phineas, who had always disliked Ratler, and had known himself to be disliked in return. "I expect nothing."

"Browborough understands such a place as Tankerville so well! He has been at it all his life. Money is no object to him, and he doesn't care a straw what any body says of him. I don't think it's possible to unseat him."

"We'll try at least," said Phineas, upon whom, however, such remarks as these cast a gloom which he could not succeed in shaking off, though he could summon vigor sufficient to save him from showing the gloom. He knew very well that comfortable words would be spoken to him at Harrington Hall, and that then the gloom would go. The comforting words of his friends would mean quite as little as the discourtesies of Mr. Ratler. He understood that thoroughly, and felt that he ought to hold a stronger control over his own impulses. He must take the thing as it would come, and neither the flatterings of friends nor the threatenings of enemies could alter it; but he knew his own weakness, and confessed to himself that another week of life by himself at Fowler's Hotel, refreshed by occasional interviews with Mr. Ratler, would make him altogether unfit for the coming contest at Tankerville.

He reached Harrington Hall in the afternoon about four, and found Lady Chiltern alone. As soon as he saw her he told himself that she was not in the least altered since he had last been with her, and yet during the period she had undergone that great change which turns a girl into a mother. She had the baby with her when he came into the room, and at once greeted him as an old friend—as a loved and loving friend who was to be made free at once to all the inmost privileges of real friendship, which are given to and are desired by so few. "Yes, here we are again," said Lady Chiltern; "settled, as far as I suppose we ever shall be settled, for ever so many years to come. The place belongs to old Lord Gunthorpe, I fancy, but really I hardly know. I do know that we should give it up at once if we gave up the hounds, and that we can't be turned out as long as we have them. Doesn't it seem odd to have to depend on a lot of yelping dogs?"

"Only that the yelping dogs depend on you."

"It's a kind of give and take, I suppose, like other things in the world. Of course he's a beautiful baby. I had him in just that you might see him. I show Baby, and Oswald shows the hounds. We've nothing else to interest any body. But nurse shall take him now. Come out and have a turn in the shrubbery before Oswald comes back. They're gone to-day as far as Trumpeton Wood, out of which no fox was ever known to break, and they won't be home till six."

"Who are 'they?'" asked Phineas, as he took his hat.

"The 'they' is only Adelaide Palliser. I don't think you ever knew her?"

"Never. Is she any thing to the other Pallisers?"

"She is every thing to them all; niece and grandniece, and first cousin and granddaughter. Her father was the fourth brother, and as she was one of six, her share of the family wealth is small. Those Pallisers are very peculiar, and I doubt whether she ever saw the old duke. She has no father or mother, and lives, when she is at home, with a married sister, about seventy years older than herself, Mrs. Attenbury."

"I remember Mrs. Attenbury."

"Of course you do. Who does not? Adelaide was a child then, I suppose. Though I don't know why she should have been, as she calls herself one-and-twenty now. You'll think her pretty. I don't. But she is my great new friend, and I like her immensely. She rides to hounds, and talks Italian, and writes for the *Times*."

"Writes for the *Times!*"

"I won't swear that she does, but she could. There's only one other thing about her. She's engaged to be married."

"To whom?"

"I don't know that I shall answer that question, and indeed I'm not sure that she is engaged. But there's a man dying for her."

"You must know, if she's your friend."

"Of course I know; but there are ever so many ins and outs, and I ought not to have said a word about it. I shouldn't have done so to any one but you. And now we'll go in and have some tea, and go to bed."

"Go to bed!"

"We always go to bed here before dinner on hunting days. When the cubbing began Oswald used to be up at three."

"He doesn't get up at three now."

"Nevertheless we go to bed. You needn't if you don't like, and I'll stay with you, if you choose, till you dress for dinner. I did know so well that you'd come back to London, Mr. Finn. You are not a bit altered."

"I feel to be changed in every thing."

"Why should you be altered? It's only two years. I am altered because of Baby. That does change a woman. Of course I'm thinking always of what he will do in the world; whether he'll be a master of hounds or a Cabinet Minister or a great farmer—or perhaps a miserable spendthrift, who will let every thing that his grandfathers and grandmothers have done for him go to the dogs."

"Why do you think of any thing so wretched, Lady Chiltern?"

"Who can help thinking? Men do do so. It seems to me that that is the line of most young men who come to their property early. Why should I dare to think that my boy should be better than others? But I do; and I fancy that he will be a great statesman. After all, Mr. Finn, that is the best thing that a man can be, unless it is given him to be a saint and a martyr and all that kind of thing—which is not just what a mother looks for."

"That would only be better than the spendthrift and gambler."

"Hardly better, you'll say, perhaps. How odd that is! We all profess to believe when we're told that this world should be used merely as a preparation for the next, and yet there is something so cold and comfortless in the theory that we do not relish the prospect even for our children. I fancy your people have more real belief in it than ours."

Now Phineas Finn was a Roman Catholic. But the discussion was stopped by the noise of an arrival in the hall.

"There they are," said Lady Chiltern; "Oswald never comes in without a sound of trumpets to make him audible throughout the house." Then she went to meet her husband, and Phineas followed her out of the drawing-room.

Lord Chiltern was as glad to see him as she had been, and in a very few minutes he found himself quite at home. In the hall he was introduced to Miss Palliser, but he was hardly able to see her as she stood there a moment in her hat and habit. There was ever so much said about the day's work. The earths had not been properly stopped, and Lord Chiltern had been very angry, and the owner of Trumpeton Wood, who was a great duke, had been much abused, and things had not gone altogether straight.

"Lord Chiltern was furious," said Miss Palliser, laughing, "and therefore, of course, I became furious too, and swore that it was an awful shame. Then they all swore that it was an awful shame, and every body was furious. And you might hear one man saying to another all day long, 'By George, this is too bad.' But I never could quite make out what was amiss, and I'm sure the men didn't know."

"What was it, Oswald?"

"Never mind now. One doesn't go to Trumpeton Wood expecting to be happy there. I've half a mind to swear I'll never draw it again."

"I've been asking him what was the matter all the way home," said Miss Palliser, "but I don't think he knows himself."

"Come up stairs, Phineas, and I'll show you your room," said Lord Chiltern. "It's not quite as comfortable as the old 'Bull,' but we make it do."

Phineas, when he was alone, could not help standing for a while with his back to the fire thinking of it all. He did already feel himself to be at home in that house, and his doing so was a contradiction to all the wisdom which he had been endeavoring to teach himself for the last two years. He had told himself over and over again that that life which he had lived in London had been, if not a dream, at any rate not more significant than a parenthesis in his days, which, as of course it had no bearing on those which had gone before, so neither would it influence those which were to follow. The dear friends of that period of feverish success would for the future be to him as—nothing. That was the lesson of wisdom which he had endeavored to teach himself, and the facts of the last two years had seemed to show that the lesson was a true lesson. He had disappeared from among his former companions, and had heard almost nothing from them. From neither Lord Chiltern nor his wife had he received any tidings. He had expected to receive none—had known that in the common course of things none was to be expected. There were many others with whom he had been intimate—Barrington Erle, Laurence Fitzgibbon, Mr. Monk, a politician who had been in the Cabinet, and in consequence of whose political teaching he, Phineas Finn, had banished himself from the political world: from none of these had he received a line till there came that letter summoning him back to the battle. There had never been a time during his late life in Dublin at which he had complained to himself that on this account his former friends had forgotten him. If they had not written to him, neither had he written to them. But on his first arrival in England he had, in the sadness of his solitude, told himself that he was forgotten. There would be no return, so he feared, of those pleasant intimacies which he now remembered so well, and which, as he remembered them, were so much more replete with unalloyed delights than they had ever been in their existing realities. And yet here he was, a welcome guest in Lord Chiltern's house, a welcome guest in Lady Chiltern's drawing-room, and quite as much at home with them as ever he had been in the old days.

Who is there that can write letters to all his friends, or would not find it dreary work to do so even in regard to those whom he really loves? When there is something palpable to be said, what a blessing is the penny post! To one's wife, to one's child, one's mistress; one's steward, if there be a steward; one's gamekeeper, if there be shooting forward; one's groom, if there be hunting; one's publisher, if there be a volume ready or money needed; or one's tailor occasionally, if a coat be required—a man is able to write. But what has a man to say to his friend, or, for that matter, what has a woman? A Horace Walpole may write to a Mr. Mann about all things under the sun, London gossip or transcendental philosophy; and if the Horace Walpole of the occasion can write well, and will labor diligently at that vocation, his letters may be worth reading by his Mr. Mann, and by others; but, for the maintenance of love and friendship, continued correspondence between distant friends is naught. Distance in time and place, but especially in time, will diminish friendship. It is a rule of nature that it should be so, and thus the friendships which a man most fosters are those which he can best enjoy. If your friend leave you and seek a residence in Patagonia, make a niche for him in your memory, and keep him there as warm as you may. Perchance he may return from Patagonia, and the old joys may be repeated. But never think that those joys can be maintained by the assistance of ocean postage, let it be at never so cheap a rate. Phineas Finn had not thought this matter out very carefully, and now, after two years of absence, he was surprised to find that he was still had in remembrance by those who had never troubled themselves to write to him a line during his absence.

When he went down into the drawing-room he was surprised to find another old friend sitting there alone. "Mr. Finn," said the old lady, "I hope I see you quite well. I am glad to meet you again. You find my niece much changed, I dare say?"

"Not in the least, Lady Baldock," said Phineas, seizing the proffered hand of the dowager. In that hour of conversation which they had had together Lady Chiltern had said not a word to Phineas of her aunt, and now he felt himself to be almost discomposed by the meeting. "Is your daughter here, Lady Baldock?"

Lady Baldock shook her head solemnly and sadly. "Do not speak of her, Mr. Finn. It is too sad! We never mention her name now." Phineas looked as sad as he knew how to look, but he said nothing. The lamentation of the mother did not seem to imply that the daughter was dead; and, from his remembrance of Augusta Boreham, he would have thought her to be the last woman in the world to run away with the coachman. At the moment there did not seem to be any other sufficient cause for so melancholy a wagging of that venerable head. He had been told to say nothing, and he could ask no questions. But Lady Baldock did not choose that he should be left to imagine things more terrible than the truth. "She is lost to us forever, Mr. Finn."

"How very sad!"

"Sad, indeed! We don't know how she took it."

"Took what, Lady Baldock?"

"I am sure it was nothing that she ever saw at home. If there is a thing I'm true to, it is the Protestant Established Church of England. Some nasty, low, lying, wheedling priest got hold of her, and now she's a nun, and calls herself—Sister Veronica John!" Lady Baldock threw great strength and unction into her description of the priest. But as soon as she had told her story a sudden thought struck her. "Oh, laws! I quite forgot. I beg your pardon, Mr. Finn; but you're one of them!"

"Not a nun, Lady Baldock." At that moment the door was opened, and Lord Chiltern came in, to the great relief of his wife's aunt.

CHAPTER III.

GERARD MAULE.

"WHY didn't you tell me?" said Phineas that night after Lady Baldock was gone to bed. The two men had taken off their dress-coats, and had put on smoking-caps—Lord Chiltern, indeed, having clothed himself in a wonderful Chinese dressing-gown—and they were sitting round the fire in the smoking-room; but though they were thus employed and thus dressed, the two younger ladies were still with them.

"How could I tell you every thing in two minutes?" said Lady Chiltern.

"I'd have given a guinea to have heard her," said Lord Chiltern, getting up and rubbing his hands as he walked about the room. "Can't you fancy all that she'd say, and then her horror when she'd remember that Phineas was a Papist himself?"

"But what made Miss Boreham turn nun?"

"I fancy she found the penances lighter than they were at home," said the lord. "They couldn't well be heavier."

"Dear old aunt!"

"Does she never go to see Sister Veronica?" asked Miss Palliser.

"She has been once," said Lady Chiltern.

"And fumigated herself first so as to escape infection," said the husband. "You should hear Gerard Maule imitate her when she talks about the filthy priest."

"And who is Gerard Maule?" Then Lady Chiltern looked at her friend, and Phineas was almost sure that Gerard Maule was the man who was dying for Adelaide Palliser.

"He's a great ally of mine," said Lady Chiltern.

"He's a young fellow who thinks he can ride to hounds," said Lord Chiltern, "and who very often does succeed in riding over them."

"That's not fair, Lord Chiltern," said Miss Palliser.

"Just my idea of it," replied the Master. "I don't think it's at all fair. Because a man has plenty of horses, and nothing else to do, and rides twelve stone, and doesn't care how he's sworn at, he's always to be over the scent, and spoil every one's sport. I don't call it at all fair."

"He's a very nice fellow, and a great friend of Oswald's. He is to be here to-morrow, and you'll like him very much. Won't he, Adelaide?"

"I don't know Mr. Finn's tastes quite so well as you do, Violet. But Mr. Maule is so harmless tha no one can dislike him very much."

"As for being harmless, I'm not so sure," said Lady Chiltern. After that they all went to bed.

Phineas remained at Harrington Hall till the 9th, on which day he went to London, so that he might be at Tankerville on the 10th. He rode Lord Chiltern's horses, and took an interest in the hounds, and nursed the baby. "Now tell me what you think of Gerard Maule," Lady Chiltern asked him the day before he started.

"I presume that he is the young man who is dying for Miss Palliser."

"You may answer my question, Mr. Finn, without making any such suggestion."

"Not discreetly. Of course, if he is to be made happy, I am bound at the present moment to say all good things of him. At such a crisis it would be wicked to tinge Miss Palliser's hopes with any hue less warm than rose-color."

"Do you suppose that I tell every thing that is said to me?"

"Not at all; but opinions do ooze out. I take him to be a good sort of a fellow; but why doesn't he talk a bit more?"

"That's just it."

"And why does he pretend to do nothing? When he's out he rides hard; but at other times there's a ha-ha, lackadaisical air about him which I hate. Why men assume it I never could understand. It can recommend them to nobody. A man can't suppose that he'll gain any thing by pretending that he never reads, and never thinks, and never does any thing, and never speaks, and doesn't care what he has for dinner, and, upon the whole, would just as soon lie in bed all day as get up. It isn't that he is really idle. He rides and eats, and does get up, and I dare say talks and thinks. It's simply a poor affectation."

"That's your rose-color, is it?"

"You've promised secrecy, Lady Chiltern. I suppose he's well off?"

"He is an eldest son. The property is not large, and I'm afraid there's something wrong about it."

"He has no profession?"

"None at all. He has an allowance of £800 a year, which in some sort of fashion is independent of his father. He has nothing on earth to do. Adelaide's whole fortune is four thousand pounds. If they were to marry, what would become of them?"

"That wouldn't be enough to live on?"

"It ought to be enough—as he must, I suppose, have the property some day—if only he had something to do. What sort of a life would he lead?"

"I suppose he couldn't become a Master of Hounds?"

"That is ill-natured, Mr. Finn."

"I did not mean it so. I did not, indeed. You must know that I did not."

"Of course Oswald had nothing to do, and of course there was a time when I wished that he should take to Parliament. No one knew all that better than you did. But he was very different from Mr. Maule."

"Very different, indeed."

"Oswald is a man full of energy, and with no touch of that affectation which you described. As it is, he does work hard. No man works harder. The learned people say that you should produce something, and I don't suppose that he produces much. But somebody must keep hounds, and nobody could do it better than he does."

"You don't think that I meant to blame him?"

"I hope not."

"Are he and his father on good terms now?"

"Oh yes. His father wishes him to go to Saulsby, but he won't do that. He hates Saulsby."

Saulsby was the country-seat of the Earl of Brentford, the name of the property which must some day belong to this Lord Chiltern; and Phineas, as he heard this, remembered former days in which he had ridden about Saulsby Woods, and had thought them to be any thing but hateful. "Is Saulsby shut up?" he asked.

"Altogether, and so is the house in Portman Square. There never was any thing more sad or desolate. You would find him altered, Mr. Finn. He is quite an old man now. He was here in the spring for a week or two—in England, that is; but he staid at a hotel in London. He and Laura live at Dresden now, and a very sad time they must have."

"Does she write?"

"Yes, and keeps up all her interest about politics. I have already told her that you are to stand for Tankerville. No one—no other human being in the world—will be so interested for you as she is. If any friend ever felt an interest almost selfish for a friend's welfare, she will feel such an interest for you. If you were to succeed, it would give her a hope in life."

Phineas sat silent, drinking in the words that were said to him. Though they were true, or at least meant to be true, they were full of flattery. Why should this woman of whom they were speaking love him so dearly? She was nothing to him. She was highly born, greatly gifted, wealthy, and a married woman, whose character, as he well knew, was beyond the taint of suspicion, though she had been driven by the hard sullenness of her husband to refuse to live under his roof. Phineas Finn and Lady Laura Kennedy had not seen each other for two years, and when they had parted, though they had lived as friends, there had been no signs of still living friendship. True, indeed, she had written to him, but her letters had been short and cold, merely detailing certain circumstances of her outward life. Now he was told by this woman's dearest friend that his welfare was closer to her heart than any other interest!

"I dare say you often think of her?" said Lady Chiltern.

"Indeed do."

"What virtues she used to ascribe to you! What sins she forgave you! How hard she fought for you! Now, though she can fight no more, she does not think of it all the less."

"Poor Lady Laura!"

"Poor Laura, indeed! When one sees such shipwreck, it makes a woman doubt whether she ought to marry at all."

"And yet he was a good man. She always said so."

"Men are so seldom really good. They are so little sympathetic. What man thinks of changing himself so as to suit his wife? And yet men expect that women shall put on altogether new characters when they are married, and girls think that they can do so. Look at this Mr. Maule, who is really over head and ears in love with Adelaide Palliser. She is full of hope and energy. He has none. And yet he has the effrontery to suppose that she will adapt herself to his way of living if he marries her."

"Then they are to be married?"

"I suppose it will come to that. It always does if the man is in earnest. Girls will accept men simply because they think it ill-natured to return the compliment of an offer with a hearty 'No.'"

"I suppose she likes him?"

"Of course she does. A girl almost always likes a man who is in love with her—unless, indeed, she positively dislikes him. But why should she like him? He is good-looking, is a gentleman, and not a fool. Is that enough to make such a girl as Adelaide Palliser think a man divine?"

"Is nobody to be accepted who is not credited with divinity?"

"The man should be a demi-god, at least in respect to some part of his character. I can find nothing even demi-divine about Mr. Maule."

"That's because you are not in love with him, Lady Chiltern."

Six or seven very pleasant days Phineas Finn spent at Harrington Hall, and then he started alone, and very lonely, for Tankerville. But he admitted to himself that the pleasure which he had received during his visit was quite sufficient to qualify him in running any risk in an attempt to return to the kind of life which he had formerly led. But if he should fail at Tankerville, what would become of him then?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HEINRICH HEINE.

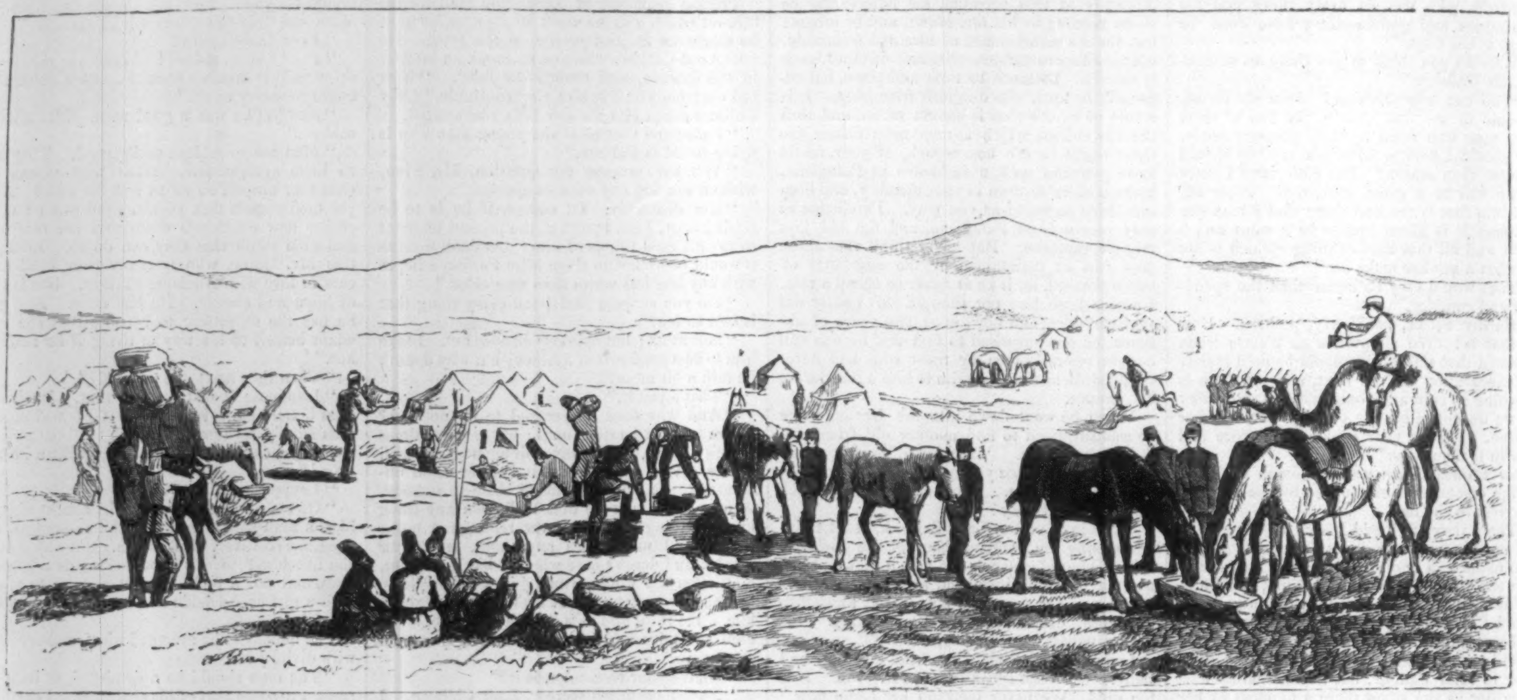
ABOVE all literary characters of our time, Heine had throughout the calamity of a false position. With so acute a sense of classical forms and antique grace as to make him often well content to live

A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,

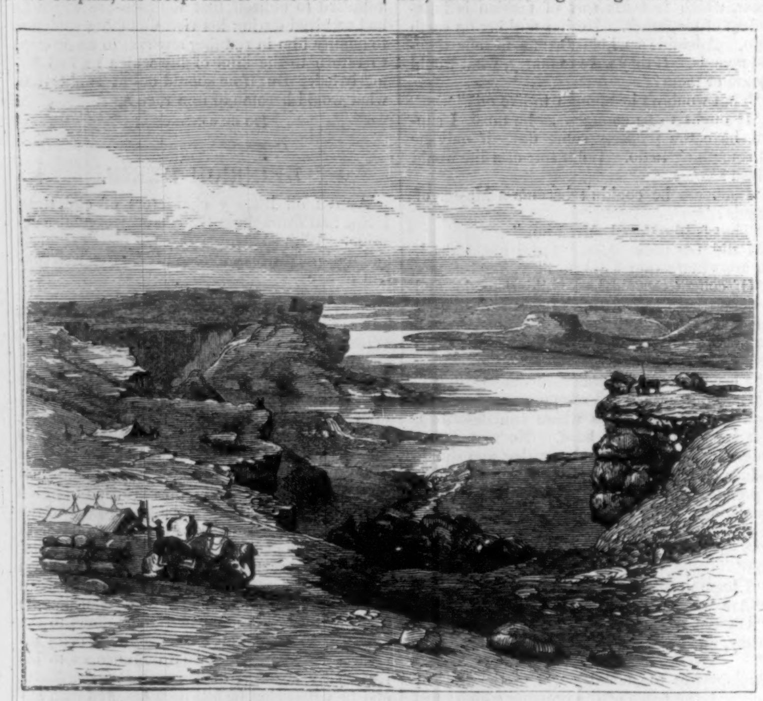
he was regarded as a chief of the Romantic school. With a genial and pleasure-loving temperament, he was mortified by physical infirmity and moral disappointment into a harsh and sometimes cruel satirist; with a deep religious sentiment, and even narrow theological system, he was thrust into the chair of an apostle of skepticism; with no clear political convictions or care for theories of government, he had to bear all the pains and penalties of political exile, the exclusion from the commerce of the society he best enjoyed, and the inclusion among men from whom he shrank with an instinctive dislike. The immediate cause of his banishment from Germany has never been clearly stated. He does not seem to have been the object of any particular prosecution, but he had made himself sufficiently obnoxious to the authorities to make his existence in Germany insecure. When questioned in France as to his nationality, he used to call himself *Prussien libéré*, and he writes that he had been haunted with unpleasant visions, "had seen himself in the attitude of Prometheus, and had fancied the sun turned into a Prussian cockade." A high legal functionary had also told him "that Spandau was very cold in winter; that no oysters came there, so far from the sea; and that the inhabitants caught no game except the flies which fell into the soup;" so on May 1, 1831, he betook himself to the father-land of Champagne and the Marseillaise. From this time forward we see him doing all he can to make himself a Frenchman, but without success. There is always an old-German—we would say, notwithstanding all his anti-Anglicanism, English—humor, which stands between him and the French mind, with its clear wit and its hard logic. But the ingenuity, the readiness, above all, the gayety of the Parisians seemed to him almost a necessity of existence, for which his temperament had hitherto yearned in vain. It was not the old Greek life, but it was something like it, in its open-air liveliness, its alert passage from thought to thought, its keen relish of sensual pleasure.

In contrast to this, therefore, his impressions of England, which he visited shortly after, were proportionably disagreeable. London struck him mightily "like the stroke of a cudgel over his shoulders;" and he found in the astonishment of the waiter at the Piazza Coffee-house, when he asked him to bring him for breakfast one of the fine cauliflowers he saw below him, a type of the horror with which the English regard any deviation from their national manners. He called England a country "where all the machines moved like men, and all the men so like machines that he was continually looking to discover where they were wound up;" and even in his latter days, when calmer judgment and some relations of personal affection had made him recant much of his distaste to the English, he still suggested that "Bria, or Britinia, the White Island of Scandinavian mythology, to which the souls of the heroes were transported after death, was nothing more nor less than that Albion which even now looks so very dead-alive to all strangers."

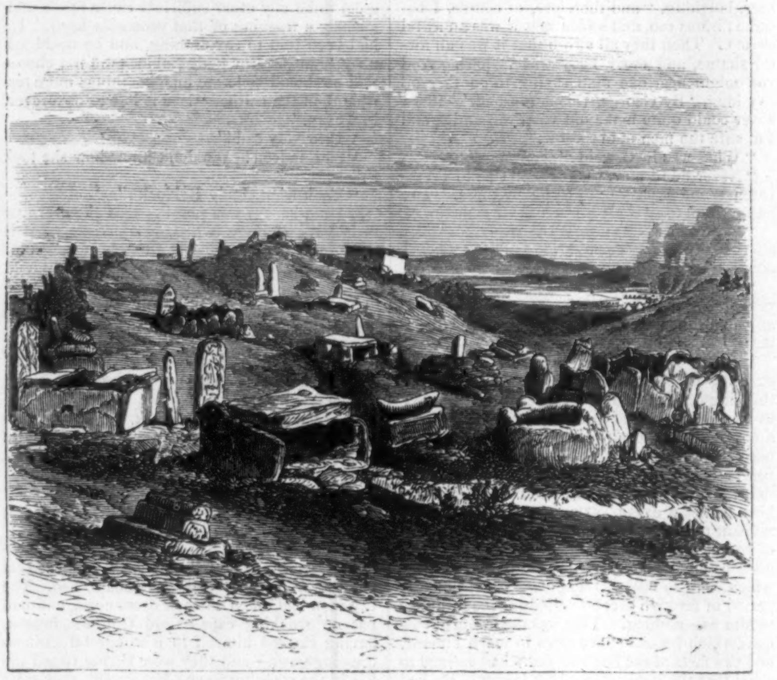
THE RUSSIAN EXPEDITION TO KHIVA—SKETCHES ON THE LINE OF MARCH.



ARRIVAL OF THE ADVANCED CORPS AT THE WELLS OF SENEKA AFTER A MARCH OF NINETY-TWO VERSTS THROUGH A WATERLESS DESERT.

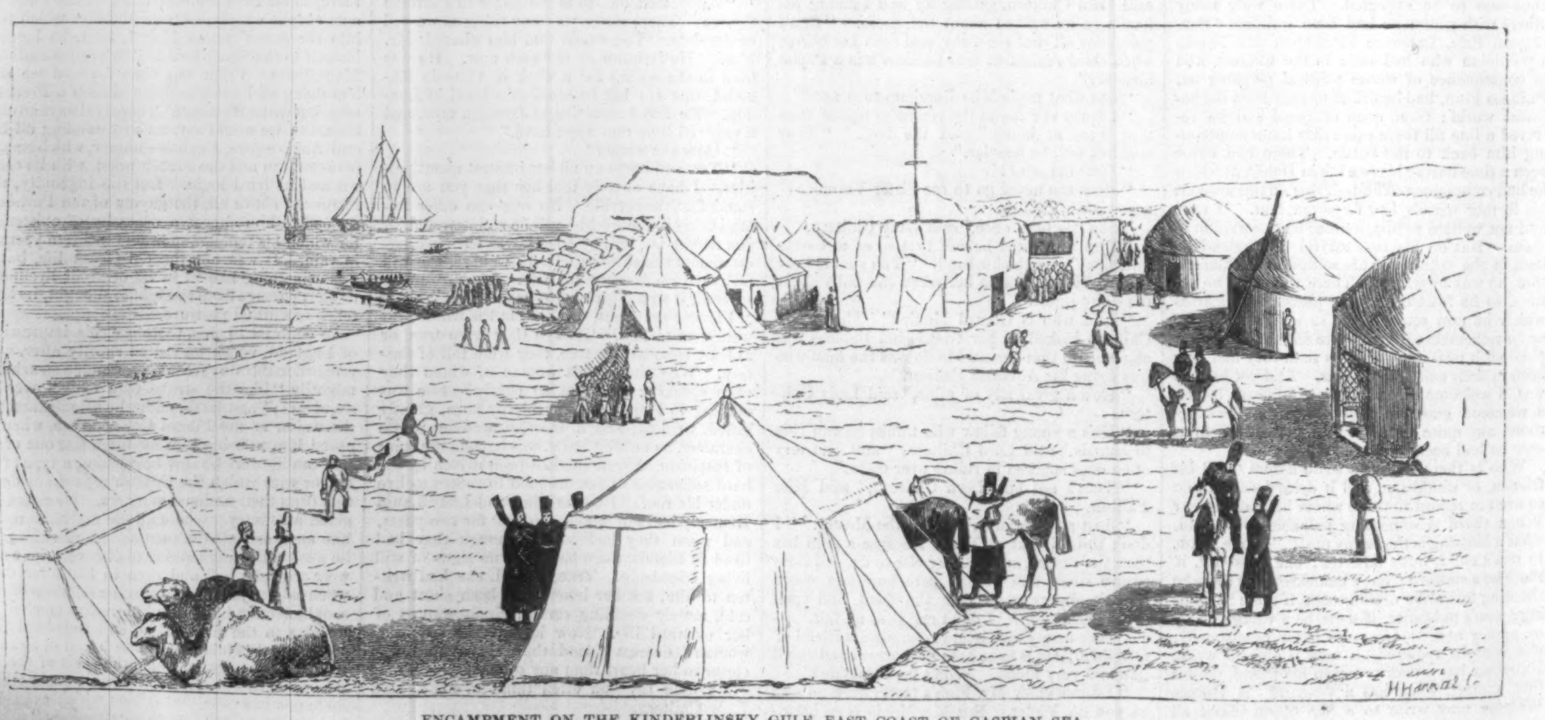


LAKE KOUNDI AND WELLS OF ARTH-KOUNDI.



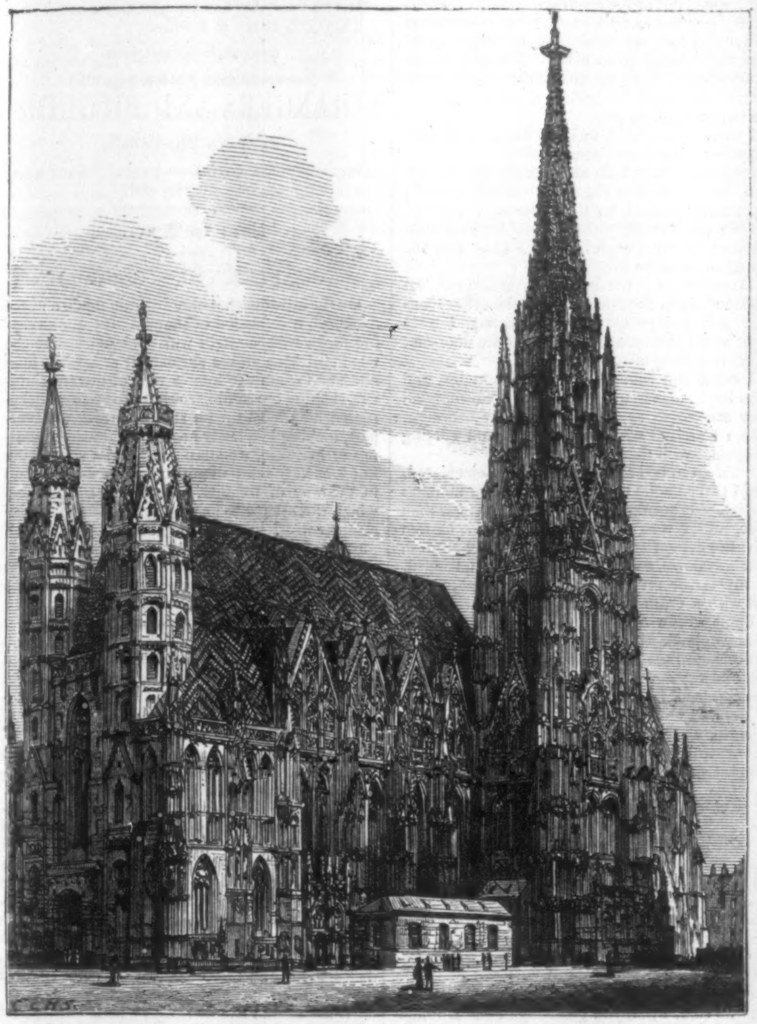
BURYING-PLACE OF THE KIRGHESE, NEAR THE WELL OF KARASHEK.

These sketches represent the progress of the Mangishlak detachment of the Russian expedition to Khiva. Starting from the eastern shore of the Caspian, the troops had to traverse one of the most dreaded steppes, which, it had been declared, no considerable body of men could cross on account of the intense heat, and the entire absence of vegetation and water. One of the illustrations represents the encampment of the troops on the Kinderlinsky Gulf, on the Caspian Sea, before marching through the desert to the wells of Seneka. The leading features of a Russian encampment in Central Asia are the kebitkas, or cupola-shaped tents, which are borrowed from the nomad tribes, and the herds of camels which carry the various stores of the army. The lake of Koundi is situated some twenty miles east of Kinderli, and is the western boundary of the open steppe, on the other side of which was Seneka. At these wells they were enabled to halt a while and refresh themselves; and here another of the sketches represents the whole corps engaged in digging for water, filling their casks and bottles, and watering the worn-out horses and camels. Leaving Seneka the detachment went on to Bish-Atki, thence to Karashek, where the illustration portrays a rude Kirghese burial-ground.

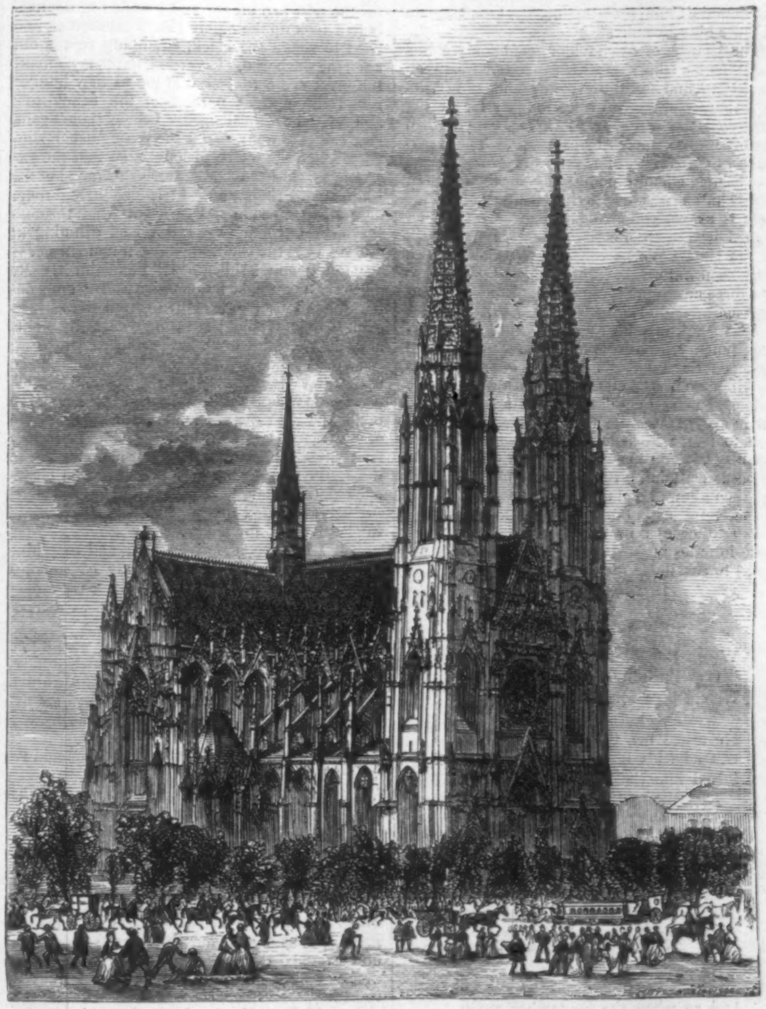


ENCAMPMENT ON THE KINDERLINSKY GULF, EAST COAST OF CASPIAN SEA.

PEOPLE AND PLACES IN VIENNA.

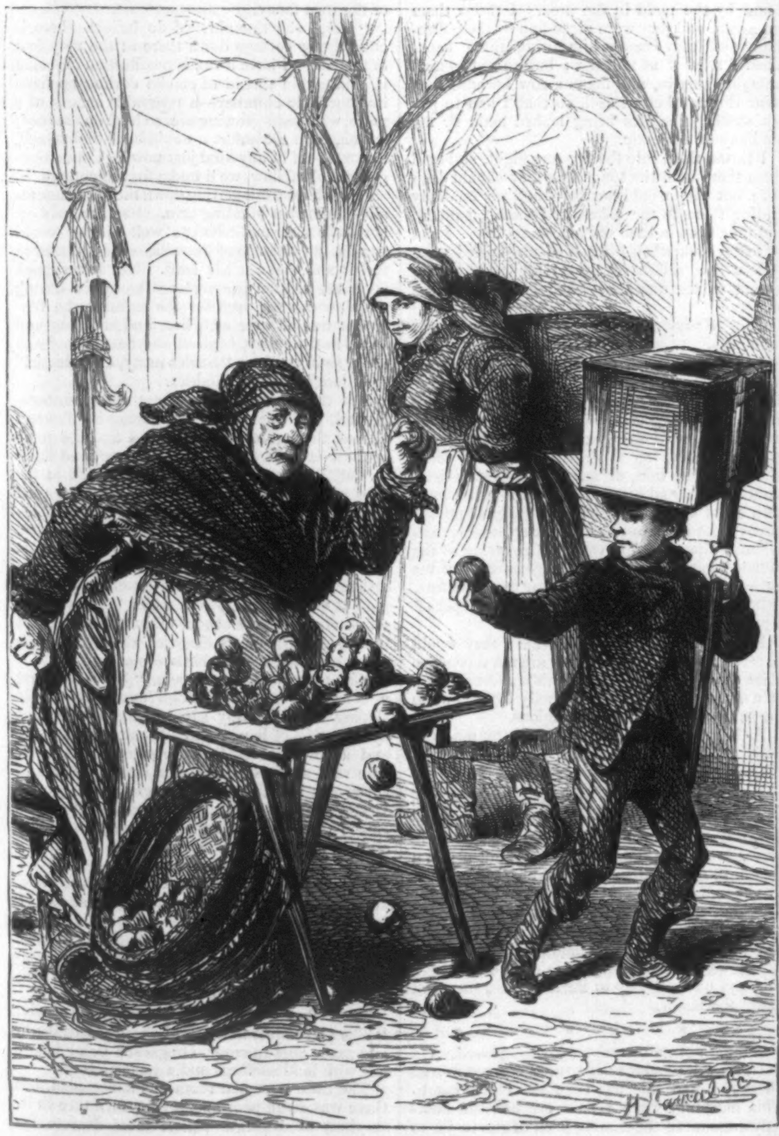


ST. STEPHEN'S CATHEDRAL.

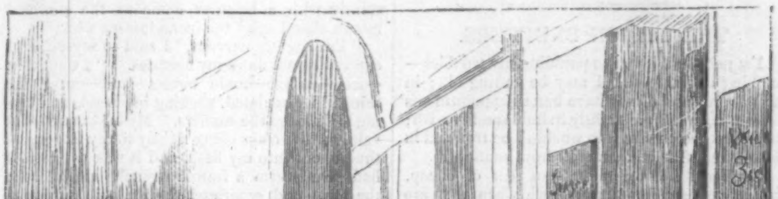


THE VOTIVE CHURCH, BUILT BY MAXIMILIAN.

THE church dedicated to St. STEPHEN, on the Stefansplatz, is the cathedral church of Vienna, and is one of the most remarkable Gothic edifices of Germany. It was founded in 1144 by Duke HENRY JASOMIRGOTT of Babenberg—the Giant's Gate and Heathen Towers date from this period—was finished in 1147, was destroyed by fires and other accidents, and was rebuilt under Duke RODOLPH IV. of Hapsburg between 1329 and 1364. The glorious south tower, though built from the duke's designs, was not completed till many years after his death. The appearance of the tower is very attractive, with its turrets and spiracles tapering off gradually to an enormous height, and then springing up in an elaborately floriated spire to the gilt cross crowning the whole. The height is not far from 450 feet. The view from the tower is unequaled for grandeur and beauty. All around the spectator is a sea of houses, spires, and domes; beyond are the



CHARACTER SKETCHES—A FRUIT STALL.



CHARACTER SKETCHES—BEFORE THE LOTTERY OFFICE.

suburbs, the Prater, and the Exhibition with its great dome; behind all, on the south, are the summits of the Styrian Alps, while the entire picture is intersected by silver threads, the Wien and Danube Canal merging into the broad stream of "the blue Danube."

The Church of St. Saviour, commonly called the "Votive Church," which is situated between the Alsergrund and the city, was founded in 1853 as a thank-offering to the Almighty for having preserved the Emperor Francis Joseph when his life was attempted by assassins. The Archduke Maximilian, afterward Emperor of Mexico, headed a public subscription for the purpose. The church was begun in 1856; the outside only is as yet completed. The model, as designed by the architect, Ferstal, may be seen at the Public Works Office in Vienna. It is a very beautiful specimen of Gothic work. There are three naves and seven chapels, while the transept contains four chapels.

The state lotteries are an institution in Austro-Hungary. Every where one can purchase tickets for these establishments, offering prizes varying from £10,000 to 10 florins; and the principle is carried out by private speculators, for in every restaurant vagrant merchants invite you to tempt Fortune by the deposit of a few kreutzers. You make your choice of a number of cards containing the fortunate numbers, and are then allowed one dive in the magic bag, and if successful, as is often the case, may obtain a cheap lithograph or a box of bonbons. The state lotteries in Austro-Hungary are chiefly devoted to charitable purposes.

THE SURPRISE.

When the bright September moon
O'er the hill-top rises,
I shall give some one I know
The sweetest of surprises.
He asked me, just the other night,
To be his little wife;
I told him that already I
Loved some one more than life.

Then ah! how very grieved he seemed,
And took my hand in parting
With such a look, I'm sure my eyes
Betrayed the tear-drops starting.
But when he asked for one more walk
Beneath the moon's soft ray,
I promised I would tell him then
Who stole my heart away.

And so when the September moon
Is o'er the hill-top shining,
Beneath the trees I'll walk with him,
My arm in his entwining.
And oh! how glad his smile will be
When I my secret tell,
And own there's none so dear as he,
None whom I love so well!

THE DEMON SNUFFERS.

I'm not at all given to parading my troubles—nothing of the kind. I may be getting old; in fact I am; and I may have had disappointments such as have left me slightly irritable and peevish; but I ask, as a man, who wouldn't be troubled in his nerves if he had suffered from snuffers?

Snuffers? Yes, snuffers—a pair of cheap, black, iron snuffers that screech when they are opened, and creak when they are shut; a pair that will not stay open nor yet keep shut; a pair that gape at you incessantly, and point at you a horrid, sharp iron beak, as a couple of leering eyes turn the finger and thumb holes into a pair of spectacles, and squint and wink at you maliciously. A word in your ear—this in a whisper—those snuffers are haunted! Their insignificant iron frame is the habitation of a demon—an imp of darkness; and I've been troubled till I've got snuffers on the brain, and I shall have till I'm snuffed out.

It has been going on now for a couple of years, ever since my landlady sent the snuffers up to me first in my shiny crockery-ware candlestick, where those snuffers glide about like a snake in a tin pail. I remember the first night as well as can be. It was in November—a weird, wet, foggy night, when the river-side streets were wrapped in a yellow blanket of fog, and I was going to bed, when at my first touch of the candlestick those snuffers glided off with an angry snap, and lay, open-mouthed, glaring at me from the floor.

I was somewhat startled, certainly, but far from alarmed; and I seized the fugitives and replaced them in the candlestick, opened the door, and ascended the stairs.

Mind, I am only recording facts untinged by the pen of romance. Before I had ascended four steps those hideous snuffers darted off and plunged, point downward, on to my left slippered foot, causing me an agonizing pang, and the next moment a bead of starting blood stained my stocking.

I will not declare this, but I believe it to be a fact: as I said something oathish I am nearly certain that I heard a low, fiendish chuckle, and when I stooped to lift the snuffers there was a bright spark in the open mouth and a pungent blue smoke being breathed out to annoy my nostrils.

I was too bold in those days to take much notice of the incident, and I hurried up stairs, not, however, without seeing that there was a foul black patch left upon the holland stair-cloth; and then I hurried into bed and tried to sleep; but I could not, try as I would. In the darkness I could just make out the candlestick against the blind; and from that point incessantly the demon snuffers gradually approached me till they sat spectaclewise astride my nose, and a pair of burning eyes gazed through them right into mine.

Need I say that I arose next morning feverish and unrefreshed to go about my daily duties?

"I'll have no more of it to-night," I said to myself, as I rose early to go to bed and make up for the past bad night; and I smiled sardonically as I took up the highly glazed candlestick and tried to shake the black, straddling reptile out upon the sideboard. I say tried, for, to my horror, the great eye-holes leered at me as they hugged round the upright portion of the candlestick and refused to be dislodged. I shook them again, and one part went round the extinguisher support, which the reptile dislodged, so that the extinguisher rattled upon the sideboard top; but the snuffers were there still. I tried again, and they, or it, dodged round and thrust a head through the handle, where they stuck fast, grinning at me, till I set the candlestick down and stared.

"Pooh! stuff! ridiculous!" I exclaimed, quite angry at my weak, imaginative folly; and, determined to act like a man, I seized the candlestick with one hand, the snuffers with the other, and, after a hard fight, succeeded in wriggling them out of their stronghold, banged them down upon the table-cloth, seized them again, snuffed my candle viciously before replacing them on the table, and then marched out of the room, proud of my moral triumph, and rejoicing in having freed myself of the demon. But as I stood upon the stairs I could see that my hand was blackened, and the icy, galvanic feeling that assailed my nerves when I first touched the snuffers still tingled right to my elbow.

But I was free of my enemy; and marching with freely playing lungs into my bedroom, I closed and locked the door, sat down my empty candlestick, changed my coat and vest for a dressing-gown, and began to brush my hair.

It is my custom to brush my hair with a pair of brushes for ten minutes every night before retiring to rest. I find it strengthening to the brain. Upon this occasion I had brushed hard for five minutes, when there was a loud knock at my bedroom door.

"Can I speak to you a moment, Sir?" said the voice of my landlady.

I rose and opened the door, and then started back in disgust, as I was greeted with—

"Please, Sir, you forgot your snuffers!"

My snuffers! It was too horrible; but there was more to bear.

"And please, Sir, I do hope you'll be more careful. It's a mussy we warn't all burned to death in our beds, for the snuffers have made a great hole as big as your hand in the table-cloth, and scorched the mahogany table; and it was a mussy I went into your room before I went up to bed."

I couldn't speak, for I was drawn irresistibly on to obey, as my landlady held the snuffers handle toward me and pointed to the great fungus snuff upon my common candle. I thrust in a finger and thumb, closed the door in desperation—for I could not refuse the snuffers—once more locked myself in, and stalked to the dressing-table; and, as I heard my landlady's retreating steps, I snuffed the candle, which started up instantly with a brighter flame as the snuffers' mouth closed upon the incandescent wick.

"I'm slightly nervous," I said to myself, as I essayed to put down my enemies. "I want tone—iron—iodine—tonic bitters—and—curse the thing!" I ejaculated, shaking my hand, and trying to dislodge the snuffers. My efforts were but vain, for the rings clung tightly to my finger and thumb, cut into my flesh, and it was not until I had given them a frantic wrench, which broke the rivet and separated the halves, that I was able to tear out my bruised digits, and stand panting at the broken instrument.

There was relief, though, here. I felt as if I had crushed out the reptile's life; and the two pieces, their living identity gone, lay nerveless and devoid of terrors in the candle tray.

I slept excellently that night, and smiled as I dressed beside the broken fragments. I had achieved a victory over self as well as over an enemy. I enjoyed my breakfast, after raising the white cloth to look at the damage, which I knew would appear as twenty shillings in the weekly bill; but I did not care, though I shuddered slightly as I thought of the snuffers' horrible designs. I dined that day with friends, played a few games afterward at pool, and then we had oysters.

I was in the best of spirits as I opened the door with my latch-key, and I laughed heartily at what I called my folly of the previous nights; but, as I entered my room, there was the great black hole in the green cloth table-cover, and the charred wood beneath, while upon the sideboard—

I groaned as I stood half transfixed. I could have imagined that I had on divers' leaden-soled boots; for there, maliciously grinning at me, with half-opened mouth, were the demon snuffers, joined together by a new, glistening rivet, which only added to their weird appearance, as the beak cocked itself at me, and the great eyes glared as the black mouth seemed to say,

"You'll never get rid of me!"

Something seemed to draw me, and I went and took the candlestick, my eyes being fixed the while upon the snuffers; and I came in contact with several pieces of furniture as I went into the passage, where I held the candlestick very much on one side as I lit the candle at the little lamp. I hoped the snuffers would fall out; but they grinned maliciously and did not stir.

The next moment I was obliged to use them, for the candle began to gutter; when, as nothing followed, I grew bolder and began to ascend the stairs. In a minute, though, before I was half up the second flight, and though the candlestick was carried perfectly straight—crash! the demon snuffers darted out and dashed themselves upon the floor.

I did not stay to look, but hurried to my bedroom, closing and locking the door.

"Safe this time!" I thought, for it was late, and I knew that my landlady must have been long in bed. Then I began to think how they had hopped out of the candlestick, and I remembered what they had done upon the previous night—how they had tried to set fire to the house. Suppose they should do so now! The cold perspiration trickled down my nose at the very thought. I dared not leave the demon, or twin demons—the horrid Siamese pair.

I would, though—I was safe here. But fire! Suppose they set the house on fire!

Irresistible fate, with an inconceivable attraction, led me back to the door, which I opened; and then I groaned, for there was no help for it. I could smell strongly that animal-burning odor given off by woolen fabrics, and I knew that the carpet must be on fire.

Down I went in the dark—very softly, too, lest I should alarm the landlady and the other lodgers; but, though the odor was strong, I went right to the bottom and stood upon the door-mat without finding my enemies.

I stood and thought for a few minutes, and then began slowly to ascend, feeling carefully all over every step as I went up to my bedroom, where I arrived without ever my hand coming in contact with that which I sought.

"I'll go to bed and leave them!" I ejaculated, and I turned upon my heel; but at that moment the pungent burning odor came up stronger than ever, and I was compelled to descend, to find that the demon twins had been lying in ambush half-way down, so that I trod upon them, tripped, in my terror my foot glided over them, and I fell with a crash into the umbrella stand, which I upset with a hideous noise upon the oil-cloth—not so loud, though, but that I could hear the little black imps take three or four grasshopper leaps along the passage, ending by sticking the pointed beak into the street-door.

Before I could gather myself up I heard doors opening up stairs, and screaming from the girls below, who slept in the kitchen; and the next minute old Major O'Brien's voice came roaring down—

"An' if ye shtir a shtep, I'll blow out yer brains!"

Of course I had to explain; and I had the horrible knowledge that they gave me the credit of being intoxicated—the major saying he would not stop in a house where people went prowling about at all hours, ending by himself, at the landlady's request, examining the door to see if it was latched securely, and then seeing me safely to my room.

"An' if I did me duty, Sor, I should lock you in," he said, by way of good-night. "An' now get into bed, Sor, and at once; and—here are your snuffers!"

I could fill volumes with the tortures inflicted upon me by those haunted snuffers, for they clung to me, and, in spite of every effort, never left me free. It was in vain that I came home early and shifted them into the major's candlestick: they only came back. I threw them out of the bedroom window once, and they were found by the maid in the area. I threw them out again, and they were picked up by the policeman, and they made him bring them back. Then I tried it at mid-day; but an old woman brought them in, and made a row because they went through her parasol, so that I had to pay ten shillings, besides being looked upon by my landlady as a lunatic.

I thrust them into the fire one night, and held them there with the tongs lest they should leap out; but they would not burn, and my landlady finding them in the ashes, had them japanned, and they were in their old place next day. I had no better luck when I thrust them—buried them—deep in a scuttle of ashes: they only turned up out of the dust-hole when Mary sifted the cinders.

They always came off black on to my hands when they did not anoint my fingers with soft tallow. If they fell out of the candlestick, it was always on to oil-cloth or paint, where they could make a noise, jumping about like a grasshopper, till they ended by standing upon the sharp beak, with the spectacle-like holes in the air. If I went up to dress, they would shoot into my collar box, or among my clean shirts, smutting them all over. If I tried to kill a wasp with them upon on autumn evening, when the insect crept out of a plum at dessert, the wretches only snipped him in two, as if rejoicing at the inflicted torture. In short, they have worn me out—those snuffers; and if it was not from fear, I should take and drop them from the parapet of a bridge.

But there! it would be in vain; they would be certain to turn up; and they are not mortal, so what can you expect? Let this communication be a secret, for it is written wholly by day, when the snuffers lie in the lower regions.

A bright thought has occurred to me—the major leaves this morning for Berlin.

* * * * * *

I have done it. His carpet-bag stood in the hall, waiting for the cab; the major was in the drawing-room paying his bill; the maids were up stairs making the beds. I stole down like a thief into the kitchen. The snuffers were in my dirty candlestick upon the dresser. I seized the grinning, tallow-anointed demons, flew up the stairs, and as I heard the drawing-room door open, tore the bag a little apart, and thrust them in.

The next minute they were on the roof of a cab, and on their way to Berlin, where they will haunt the major.

* * * * * *

A month of uninterrupted joy has passed. On the day of the major's departure I seemed to wed pleasure; and this has been the honey-moon. This morning, when I paid my bill, the landlady announced the coming back of the major to his old apartments. I have been in dread ever since. But this is folly. I will be hopeful: my worst fears may not be confirmed.

* * * * * *

It's all over—he has brought them back! They grin at me as I write.

(Continued from No. 866, page 675.)

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "The Lovels of Arden," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book the Third.

CHAPTER VIII.—(*Continued.*)

On the hill-tops that blinding rain made a worse darkness, a confusion of sound as it came sweeping down with a shrill whistling noise, like the wind shrieking in the shrouds at sea, while ever and anon came the hoarse roar of distant thunder, shaking or seeming to shake even those deep-rooted hills. Elizabeth stood beneath the tempest, looking helplessly about her, the dog cowering at her side, wondering what she should do. She was very indifferent to small inconveniences in the way of weather, but this was a tempest which threatened to sweep her off the mountain-side, to whirl her into the teeth of the welkin, unsubstantial and helpless as a tuft of thistle-down. Even Gregarach, the deer-hound, who should have been accustomed to this war of the elements, shuddered and was afraid.

"If there were a cave or any thing of that kind handy!" she said to herself, trying to look through the rain. She might as well have tried to pierce the curtain of futurity itself. The world was a thing expunged; there was nothing left but herself, her dog, and the deluge.

"The barometer was right for once in a way," she said. "This is 'much rain'. But I thought barometers were things one ought to read backward, like gypsy women's fortune-telling."

Happily she was not unfamiliar with her surroundings, and could hardly go astray or topple over a precipice unawares. She had roamed the mountain too often for that in her two months of residence at Slogh-na-Dyack. She stood quite still, pondering, while the pitiless rain drenched her garments, reducing even the comfortable seal-skin to a black, shiny-looking substance, from which the water ran, not as from a duck's back, but soaking the fabric thoroughly as it trickled slowly down.

What should she do? where seek her nearest shelter? Yes, she bethought herself at last of a place of refuge at the base of the lonely hill-side on which she stood, a refuge so insignificant that it had hardly impressed its image on her memory, though she had looked down upon it many a time from this very spot; an object which, in her dire distress to-day, came back to her indistinctly, with a kind of uncertainty, as a thing which might be real or only an invention of her own fancy.

"Yes," she thought, "I do believe there is one solitary cottage down there at the very foot of this hill. I have a vague recollection of seeing it, and a thin thread of smoke curling up from its poor little chimney—a miserable shanty of a place, with grass growing ever so high on the roof; but oh, what a comfort it would be to find myself under a roof of any kind just now! Come, Gregarach, old fellow, we'll make for the cottage."

It was hard work getting down the steep mountain-side in that blinding rain. She had held up her little silk umbrella as well as she could against the violence of the wind—she had now to furl it and make it her staff. Her feet slipped upon the sodden grass more than once during the slow descent, and for the moment she fancied it was all over with her, and she must roll down to the valley, bruised and beaten to death in her swift course. "Such a nasty, dirty death!" she thought, with a shudder.

But the firm light feet kept their vantage-ground, the slender figure held itself erect against the buffeting of the wind and the force of the rain-drift, and Lady Paulyn arrived finally, only half drowned, in the narrow road at the base of the mountain—a lonely, cheerless road at the best of times, skirted by a rocky bank, beneath which ran a deep narrow stream, now swollen to the width of a small river—a spot that was eminently unattractive except from the artistic and Salvator-Rosa point of view—a region of sterility and gloom, which hopeless grief might choose for its abode, where nature seemed in unison with man's despair, where the braes never bloomed and the birds never sang.

Yes, there was the cottage, "just a but and a ben;" grass growing high upon the steeply sloping roof, the tiny square window obscured by a handful of hay stuffed into one broken pane, and a fragment of linsey-woolsey in another. The very abode of desolation, but still a roof to cover one, Elizabeth thought, gladly.

The door was shut. She knocked, but no one came; then tried the latch, and opened the door and peered in, an action which even in that moment of extremity brought back the thought of the old days at Hawleigh when she had stood at cottage doors with so light a heart, so full of vague hope and unacknowledged love.

"May I come in?" she asked, gently, unable to see whether the place were occupied, so profound was the obscurity within. Her dog emphasized the question by a fortissimo bark.

Even that loud inquiry brought no reply. "The place must be empty," thought Elizabeth, and made bold to enter, Gregarach going before her with loud sniffings and a suspicious air.

The little wretched room was unoccupied, but there was some poor apology for furniture in it. A chest of drawers—article most dear to the Scottish mind—a battered old table, and one chair, a few odds and ends of crockery on a shelf in a corner, and a good deal of dirt. There were signs of occupation, too; a struggling turf fire on the hearth, and beside the fire an old black saucepan containing some herby decoction, from which came a faintly aromatic odor.

"Odd," thought Elizabeth. "But I suppose the people are out at work. Poor creatures, I wonder what work they can find to do in such weather as this."

She took off her jacket, which seemed a mere mass of brown pulp, took off her hat, also sealskin reduced to the same pulpy condition, and tried to shake off a little of the water which hung in every fold of her garments. She tried to put a little more life into the turf fire, to get something like heat out of it if possible, but it was only a lukewarm fire, and she looked about the room in vain for more turf or a fagot of wood.

"What a wretched place!" she said to herself; "and to think that some poor creature will come here for comfort by-and-by when his work is done—is thinking of it now, perhaps, and longing for it, and calling it *home*."

She thought of Slogh-na-Dyack, her own suit of rooms, with their many windows looking over the water, the infinite luxury, the triumph of man's inventiveness exemplified in every contrivance that can make life pleasant; she thought of the dismal contrast between this home and hers, and of her own discontented mind, to which that costly château had seemed no better than a splendid prison.

"Why can not fine scenery and handsome furniture satisfy one's heart?" she said to herself. "Why must one always long for something else, for some one whose mere presence would make such a shelter as this tolerable, for same one in whose company one would have no thought of worldly wealth or worldly pleasure?"

She looked round the darksome little room—looked up at the low broken ceiling, rain-blistered and stained—looked round with a sad smile.

"If Malcolm had married me, and poverty had reduced us to such a place as this, I would have been happy with him," she thought. "I would have tucked up my sleeves and scrubbed and toiled, and tried to make this wretched hovel bright and comfortable for him. It would have been my pride to bear deprivation, misery even, for his sake. I could then have said to him, 'You doubted me once, Malcolm, but is not *this* real love?'"

She had seated herself in the solitary chair close by the low open hearth, trying to get a little warmth out of the fading fire, trying not to shiver very much with that wretched sensation of cold and dampness which had crept over her since she had found shelter in the cottage. She had opened the door two or three times and looked out, with a faint hope of seeing some indication of fair weather, or at least some lessening of the rain; but the water-drops came down with a sullen persistence—came down as she had seen them fall day after day from her window, without a break in the watery monotony.

"I wonder if I shall have to stay here two or three days," she thought, "while all the Slogh-na-Dyack people are searching the country for me, and a private detective watching all outward-bound vessels that leave the Clyde, lest I should have taken it in my head to run away to America? It really seems as if I should have to choose between staying here all day and all night, or walking home in the wet. If I could only see a stray boy—a native boy inured to rain—I might send him home for a carriage."

But looking for stray boys seemed almost as hopeless as watching for the ending of the rain; so Elizabeth shut the door, and went back to the dismal hearth, which became every minute colder and more dismal, and to her own sad, useless thoughts.

She was startled from her reverie presently by a sudden activity on the part of Gregarach, who had been quiet enough hitherto, having stretched himself among the ashes in the hope of getting warm, where he had lain until now dozing fitfully, and looking up at his mistress wistfully ever and anon, as who should say, "We might surely have found better quarters."

Now he started to his feet, gave his short bark, like the sergeant's cry of "Attention!" and ran to the door communicating with the other chamber of the cottage; a darksome little den, into which Elizabeth had looked when she first took shelter; a room which had seemed to her utterly empty. The door was a little way ajar; the dog pushed it open with his nose, and rushed in.

Elizabeth started up, not frightened—fear and Elizabeth Luttrell had ever been strangers—only anxious; while there flashed across her brain old stories of Scottish shelters, and faithful dogs whose sagacity had protected their masters from murder.

"I have my watch and purse," she thought, "and all these foolish diamond rings, which I put on my fingers every morning from sheer habit, just as a red Indian tricks himself out with beads and wampum. I should be rather a valuable booty. And this cottage has an uncanny look at the best of times, standing alone under the shadow of the hill, and with that deep dark river running yonder, ready to swallow up murdered travelers."

She was not frightened, though it was not beyond the scope of possibility that this vision, conjured up half in jest, might be realized in hideous earnest. That sad and bitter smile, so frequent on her lips of late, lighted up her face just now, as she thought how such things have been, and how lives more precious than hers had come to dark and terrible ending.

How well that swift river could keep a secret! It would be so easy a matter to dispose of her. The dog might give a little trouble, perhaps, but a knock on the head would make an end of him, and what resistance could *she* offer? Then would follow a long and tedious quest; rewards offered, heaven and earth moved, as it were, on behalf of a lady of quality; but the mystery forever unsolved. Dark scandals invented, perhaps; her reputation tarnished by foul imaginations; some people preferring the belief that she was living a shameful secret life somewhere to the simpler theory of her untimely death.

She could almost fancy what society would say of her in years to come, when her husband had married again and forgotten her.

"Oh, there was another Lady Paulyn, you know, who disappeared in a curious manner. No one knows whether she is alive or dead; but Lord Paulyn married again, all the same—his cousin—a Miss Disney, a much more suitable match. The first wife was a very pretty woman, gave capital parties, and so on; but they did not live happily together."

And *he* would hear of her dark fate, and wonder, and be sorry. Yes, surely even his stony heart would be moved by her dismal end; that most horrible of all dooms, at least to the minds of the survivors, the fate about which there is uncertainty.

She had time for all these thoughts while Gregarach was sniffing about the room.

Presently he set up a piteous whine; whereupon Elizabeth, with a calm, fixed face, as of one who goes to her doom, pushed the door open again—it had swung to behind the dog—and went boldly into the gloomy den, where murder perchance lurked in the shadow of the sloping roof.

The dog was standing with his fore-paws upon a miserable little bed; a bed she had not observed in her first inspection of the chamber; a bed set into the wall, cupboard fashion, after the manner of some Scottish beds, the lower end inclosed by a wooden shutter, the head sheltered by a checked blue curtain, limp and ragged.

A withered, skinny hand grasped this meagre drapery. Hardly the hand of a stalwart assassin; a hand of a dirty waxen hue, wasted by age or sickness; and a feeble voice entreated, plaintively, "Tak' awa' the dog."

Elizabeth ran to the bed. "Don't be frightened; he won't hurt you," she said. "Down, Gregarach! down, old fellow! Indeed, you needn't be afraid of him; he's a sensible, affectionate fellow."

The dog licked his mistress's hand, as if in grateful acknowledgment of this praise. She had as yet seen no more of the occupant of the bed than that skinny hand clutching the curtain; but the curtain was drawn back now, revealing a ghastly figure—a woman, old, or made prematurely old by toil and care and sickness; a face haggard as death itself, under a tumbled night-cap; dim eyes staring at the intruder with vague wonder.

"Something to drink," gasped this helpless creature; "for God's sake give me something—the stuff that auld Becky made."

Elizabeth looked round her helplessly. She could see no sign of a cooling draught for those pale, parched lips; not even a pitcher of water, much less the stuff concocted by old Becky, whoever that person might be.

"Oh, where shall I find you something?" she said. "Poor soul, I'll do any thing in the world for you, if you'll tell me how."

"The stuff by the fire," said the woman; "but dinna leave yon doggie with me."

The stuff by the fire, that dark concoction in the saucepan. The recollection of it flashed upon Elizabeth. She called her dog, and went back to the outer room; found a cracked mug, poured some of the dark-looking drink into it, and carried it back to the sick woman, and held it gently to the dry lips, supporting the weary head upon her arm, with a touch of that natural tenderness which had endeared her to the cottagers at Hawleigh.

"Have you been long ill?" she asked.

"Three weary weeks. I've keepit my bed three weeks, but I was bad before; all my limbs aching, and a weight on my head. I could hardly keep about to do for myself and my son; he's a farm-laborer, beyond Dunallen; and then I was forced to give up, and tak' to my bed. The fever's been mickle bad about these parts."

"The fever!" repeated Elizabeth, with a faint shiver, but not any shrinking motion of the arm that supported the sick woman's head.

"Yes, it's been varra bad: maybe you shouldna be in here: some folks call it catching, but I dinna ken. The Lord knows where I could have caught it, for there's few folks come my way to bring me so much as a fever, except the new minister. I suppose you're the minister's wife?"

Elizabeth smiled at the question. "No," she said, "I'm not the minister's wife. It was only selfishness that brought me here; I was caught in the storm, and came to your cottage for shelter. But now I am here I may be able to help to get you well. I can send you wine and tea, jelly, broth, all kinds of things to strengthen you. And a doctor, too, if you've had no doctor."

"I've had auld Becky; she kens as much as ony doctor; and the new minister, he knows a deal. And he brings me wine and things, but it's very little that I can tak' the noo, I'm so low. There's some wine in yon cupboard; you might gie me a drappie."

"Let me settle your pillow more comfortably first."

She arranged the pillow, fever-tainted, perhaps; the whole chamber had a faint fetid odor that tried her sorely. But fear of death, even in this den, where lurked a foe scarce less deadly than the assassin of her imagination, she had none. The day was past when her life had been worth cherishing. She placed the pillow under the weary head, wiped the damp brow with her handkerchief, murmured a few comforting words, phrases she had learned in the brief period of her ministrations, and then went to the cupboard, a little hutch in a corner, to seek for the wine.

The new minister! that was he, no doubt. She touched the bottle almost reverently, thinking that his hand had sanctified it. The woman hardly put her lips to the cup; it was only by gentle entreatings that Elizabeth could induce her to take a few spoonfuls of the wine. Not all the vintages of Oporto could have brought back life or vigor to that worn-out habitation of clay in which the soul fluttered feebly before departing forever.

There was a Bible on a chair by the shuttered end of the bed.

"Will you read me a chapter?" asked the woman, after an interval of feeble groanings and muttered lamentations.

Elizabeth opened the book immediately, chose that chapter of chapers, that tender farewell address of Christ to his Apostles, the fourteenth of St. John, and began to read in her low earnest voice, as she had read many a time in the sunny cottages at Hawleigh, with the bees humming in the myrtle bushes outside the window, the green trees waving gently under the summer sky. This gloomy hovel in the shadow of the mountain seemed a bit of another world.

She read on till the patient sank into an uneasy slumber, breathing heavily. And then, seeing her to all appearance fast asleep, Elizabeth laid the book down, and looked at her watch. It was nearly five o'clock; the day, which had been dark at two, was growing darker; the rain, which she could just see through the cloudy glass of the narrow casement, was still coming down steadily, with no symptom of abatement.

"It is clear I shall have no alternative between walking home in the rain or staying here all night," thought Elizabeth. "Or, stay: this poor soul spoke of her son; he will come home by-and-by, perhaps, and he might fetch the carriage for me."

There was comfort in this hope. Though not afraid of the fever, she was not a little desirous to escape from that tainted atmosphere, in which to breathe was discomfort. And yet it seemed cruel to leave that helpless creature, perhaps to die alone.

"I must try to find a nurse for her somehow," she thought; "I'll ask her about this old Becky when she wakes. It seems almost inhuman to let her lie here alone."

She wondered that Malcolm Forde had not done more for this stricken creature. But there were doubtless many such in his flock, and he had done his utmost in bringing her wine and coming to see her now and then.

The woman had been asleep about half an hour, while Elizabeth sat and watched her, thinking her own sad thoughts, when the outer door was opened. It was the son returning from his work, no doubt. Elizabeth rose and went to meet him, anxious to have tidings of her whereabouts conveyed to Slogh-na-Dyack before nightfall.

She had her hand upon the door between the two rooms, when another hand pushed it gently open. Drawing back a little, she found herself face to face with Malcolm Forde.

She could see plainly enough that for the first few moments he failed to recognize her in the half-light of that dismal chamber. He looked at her, first in simple wonder, then with eager scrutiny.

"Good God!" he cried at last, "is it *you?*"

"Yes," she answered, with a feeble, pitiful attempt to take things lightly. "Did you not know we were such near neighbors? Strange, isn't it, how people are drawn together from all the ends of the earth, Parthians and Medes and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia?"

He seemed hardly to hear her. He was looking at the bed with an expression of unspeakable horror.

"Come into the next room," he said, drawing her quickly across the threshold, and shutting the door upon the sick-chamber. "What brought you to this place?"

"Accident. I came here to find shelter from the rain."

"You had better have staid in the rain. But God grant that you may have taken no harm! I come here daily, and stay beside that poor creature's bed for an hour at a time. But I believe custom has made me fever-proof. You must get home instantly, Lady Paulyn, and take all possible precautions against infection. That woman has a fever which may be—which I fear is—contagious; but I trust in God that your superb health may defy contagion, if you are only reasonably careful."

He opened the outer door to its widest extent. "Let us have as much air as we can, even if we have some rain with it," he said. "It is too wet for you to go home on foot. I must find some one to run to Slogh-na-Dyack and fetch your carriage."

"You know where I live, then?" with a wounded air. It seemed so stony-hearted of him to be quite familiar with the fact of her vicinity, and yet never to have broken down the barriers of reserve, never to have approached her in his sacred character. To be careful for the rest of his flock, for all the other sinners in this world—Fiji islanders even—and to have not even one thought, not one care, no touch of pity for her!

"Yes," he answered, in his cool, grave way, imperturbable as the very rock, looking at his watch thoughtfully. "The young man will not be home till seven, perhaps. I must go to Slogh-na-Dyack myself."

"What, through this rain! Oh, please don't. You'll catch your death of cold."

"I came here through this rain, and I am very well protected," he said, glancing at his mackintosh. "Yes, that is the only way. Promise me that you will stand at this open door till your carriage comes for you."

"But if that poor soul should call me, if she should be thirsty again, I can't refuse to attend to her, can I, Mr. Forde?"

"What, you have been attending to her—hanging over her to give her drink?" with a look of intense pain.

"Yes; I have been arranging her bed a little, and giving her some of the wine you brought, and doing what I could to make her comfortable. It reminds me of—of the old time at Hawleigh, when I had a short attack of benevolence. Oh, please don't look so anxious. I am sure not to catch the fever. What is that line of somebody's?—'Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow would meet.' I am just the kind of useless person who never dies of any thing but extreme old age. You will see me creeping round Hyde Park, forty years hence, in a yellow chariot and a poke-bonnet, with pug-dogs and a vinegar-faced companion."

"You have not left off your old random talk," he said, regretfully. "I can not forbid you to obey the dictates of humanity. If the poor old woman should ask you for any thing, you must give it. But do not bend over her more than you can help, and do not stay in that room longer than is absolutely necessary. I have arranged with a woman at Dunallen to come and nurse her. She will be here to-night."

"I'm glad of that, and I shall be still more glad if you will let me contribute to your poor. May I send you a check to-morrow?"

"You may send me as many checks as you like. And now, good-by. The carriage will be here before I can return."

He gave her his hand with an air so frank and friendly that it stung her almost as if it had been an insult, pressed the little ice-cold hand she gave him in his friendly clasp, and went out into the rain.

"He never, never, never could have loved me," she said to herself, looking after him with a piteous face, and bursting into a passion of tears. What had she expected? That he, Malcolm Forde, the man who had given his life to God's service, would fall on his knees at the feet of Lord Paulyn's wife, in the surprise of that sudden meeting, and tell her how she had broken his heart five years ago, and how she was still much more dear to him than honor, or the love of God?

"He looked frightened at the idea of my having caught the fever," she thought, when she had recovered from that foolish burst of passionate anger, bitter disappointment, unreasoning and unreasonable love. "But that was only from a philanthropic point of-view; just as a family doctor would have done. Was there ever any one so impenetrable? One would think we had never been more than the most commonplace acquaintance, and had only parted from each other a week ago."

She stood leaning against the door-post, looking at the dreary waste of sodden turf, the fast-flowing river, the mountain on the other side of the valley, which was like a twin brother of the mountain behind the cottage.

She stood thus, lost in gloomy thought, thought that was more gloomy than the landscape, more monotonous than the rain, when a footstep sounded a little way off. She looked up and saw Mr. Forde coming back to her.

"I met a lad who was able to carry the message faster than I could," he said; "so I have returned to prevent your running any risk by ministering to that poor soul yonder."

He looked into the other room; the woman was still asleep. He waited a little by the bedside, and then came back to the doorway where Elizabeth stood looking out at the turbid water.

"How long is it since you were caught in the rain?" he asked—a foolish question, perhaps, inasmuch as it had rained without ceasing for the last four hours.

"I hardly know; it seems an age. I was wandering about the mountain for ever so long, not knowing what to do, till I happened to remember this cottage, and then we came down, my poor drenched dog and I, and crept in here for refuge. And I seem to have been here half a lifetime."

Half a lifetime, and more than a lifetime, she thought; for were not the joys and sorrows of any common existence concentrated in this meeting with him? The dog was licking his hand with abject affection, as if he too had known this man years ago, and been parted from him, and loved him passionately throughout that severance; but strange creatures of the dog tribe had a habit of attaching themselves to Mr. Forde.

"And you have been in your wet clothes all this time," he said, anxiously, with the pastor's grave solicitude, not the lover's alarm. "I fear you may suffer for this unfortunate business."

"Rheumatism, or sciatica, or lumbago, or something of that kind," she said; "those seem such old woman's complaints. I dare say I shall have a fearful attack of rheumatism, and my doctor and I will call it neuralgia, out of politeness. No one on the right side of thirty would own to rheumatism." This, with her lightest good-society manner.

"I should recommend you to send for your doctor directly you get home, and take precautionary measures."

"I have no doctor," she answered, a little impatiently; "I hate doctors. They could not save the child I loved—and—" Her lip quivered, and the dark beautiful eyes filled, but she brushed away the tears quickly, deeply ashamed of that confession of weakness.

"You have lost a child?" said Mr. Forde; "I heard nothing of that. I know very little of the history of my old friends since I left England. I did hear of your dear father's death, and was deeply grieved, but I have heard little more of those I knew at Hawleigh."

Not a word of her marriage; but he had